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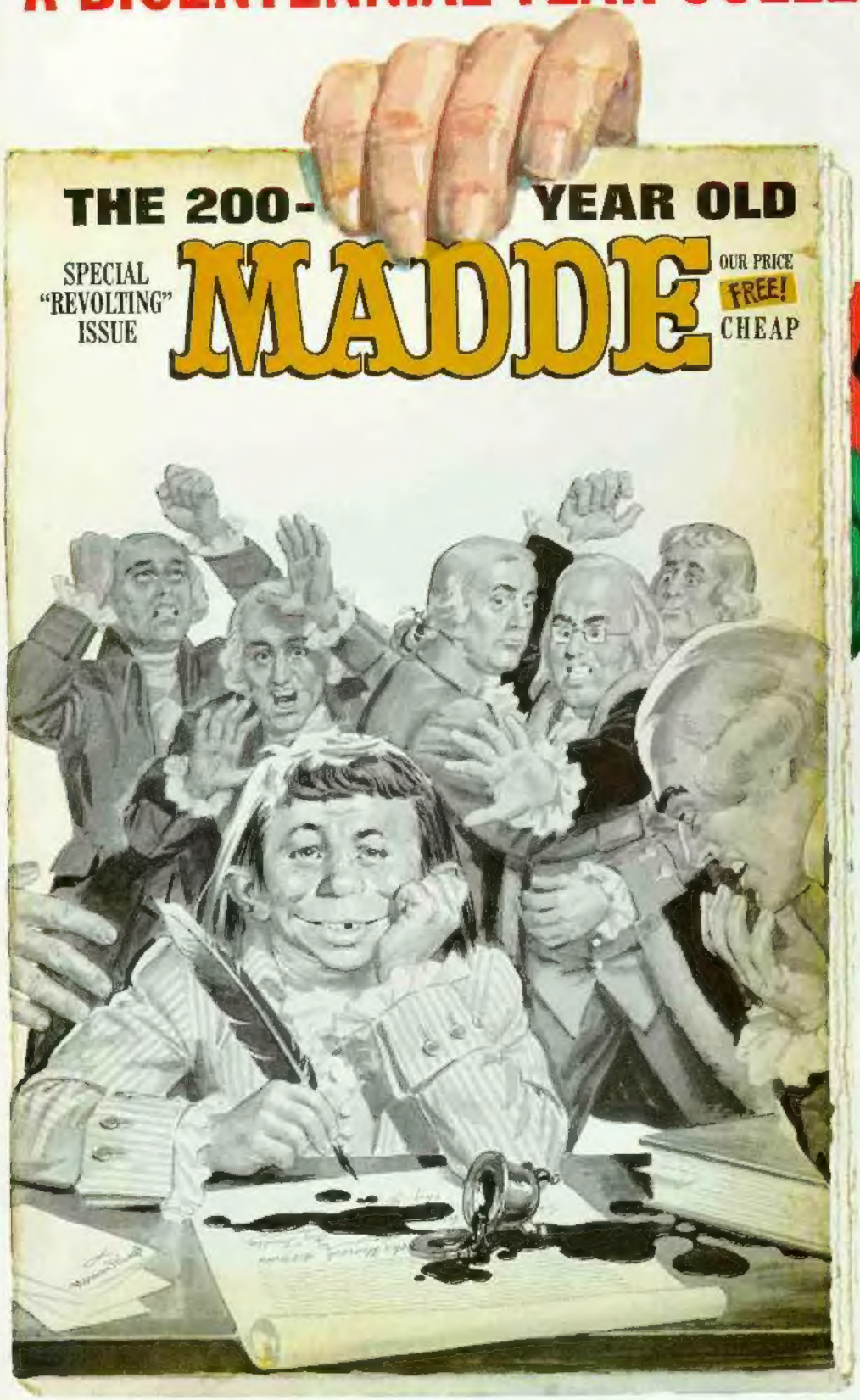

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NUMBER 184 JULY 1976

MAD

"Better late than never . . . unless you're going to the Dentist!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.

NEW MUSICALS BASED ON BIG MOVIES

What a superb musical adaptation of "Jaws"! I am sure that even now, Broadway producers are engaged in rounds of backbiting to determine who will land this new splash hit.

Holly Spencer
De Pere, Wisc.

I can visualize your musical version of "The Towering Inferno" in the Busby Berkeley tradition. Fifty chorines as firewomen; white slickers, white fire-hoses, and white hook-and-ladders . . . neon-lit! And lofty overhead camera shots of the whole troupe, singing and precision-leaping into kaleidoscopic nets below.

Steve Fiore
Rochester, N.Y.

Jacobs has a lively song and dance partner in Mort Drucker.

Paige Van Antwerp
Vero Beach, Fla.

Frank Jacobs and Mort Drucker hit a high C with their "Jaws"!

Richard Nass
Euclid, Ohio

With Marlon Brando *singing* "The Godfather" role, you're liable to hear a hoarse opera!

Ernesto Murillo
San Juan, P.R.

THE SHADOW KNOWS

I asked my students in art class to name an important contemporary artist. They all answered, "Sergio Aragonés." I'll accept that, without a shadow of a doubt!

Peggy Kelly
St. Augustine School
Union City, N.J.

Let he who is perfect cast the first shadow. How about it, Sergio?

Bettina Gargiulo
Jersey City, N.J.

BOB JONES GETS A BUNNY HUG

Your new cover artist, Bob Jones, makes plushy bunnies, but he won't be around long if they look more intelligent than Alfred.

DeAnne Kay
Oakland, N.J.

A hare-raising cover! But your conjuror, Alfred E., is up to his old tricks. You never lift a rabbit by its ears.

David Halprin
Albany, N.Y.

Jones does a honey of a bunny!

Vera Mitchell
Dallas, Texas

TRAFFIC COMMISSIONER OF THE YEAR

Jack Davis and Dick De Bartolo deserve medals for "MAD's 'Traffic Commissioner' Of The Year." Mainly, the Cloverleaf Cluster and the Bronze Underpass.

Thom Gatewood
Alexandria, Va.

Your "Traffic Commissioner Of The Year" drove me up the wall!

David Fowler
Oxnard, Calif.

As a stewardess, I'm thankful that "Commissioner Snaffeau" has nothing to do with *air traffic!*

Irma Zwan
Vancouver, B.C.

"Pothole John" Linzey seems to have found himself, as MAD's "Man in the Street."

Mel Reese
Staten Island, N.Y.

COMING IN OUT OF THE FOLD

Al Jaffee's jolting "Bowl Game" Fold-In is such an eye opener, I went back and scrutinized his last sixty or seventy Fold-Ins. He is so consistently ingenious and conversant with truly vital human issues, I'm afraid I've taken his feature for granted all these years. Even his inclusion of distracting little props, such as the Bad Year zeppelin, that are obliterated in the folding process, reflect how much thought goes into his constructions.

Rachel Parti
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sergio Aragonés . . . by the penumbras!

FIFTY YEARS OF COLLEGE LIFE

After reading Larry Siegel's "A MAD Look At Fifty Years of College Life In America," I could see how he would have had to stay in college for fifty years. What I don't see is how he ever made it into college.

George O'Connor
Louisville, Ky.

If it weren't for colleges, how would parents know where to send the spending money?

Carol Faas
Gainesville, Fla.

GOOD TIME-SLOT

Thanks for your spoof on "Good Times," Torres and Siegel! As the poet said:

There was a producer named Lear,
Who made it so perfectly clear
That all of his shows
Were going to go
On for year, after year, after year.

Joe Wheaton
Lebanon, Tenn.

"Good Time-Slot" was RIDIC-U-LOUS!

Doug Pahl
Lexington, Ohio

DON MARTIN'S KNEE ACTION

"Late One Afternoon In A Doctor's Office" shows the Martin medic rapping the kneecap instead of the tendon below. That'll do it every time!

Rachel Ralston
San Francisco, Calif.

Don Martin must be remarkably healthy! He sure *knee*dles the medical profession!

Don Phelps
Cohasset, Mass.

Don Martin's patella reflex really *knee*-capped the climax!

Charles Little
Washington, D.C.

I WANT, TOO

Norman Mingo has *unfurled* James Montgomery Flagg!

Keitha Roe
Ames, Iowa

On your back cover, we noticed the picture of the girl dressed in a costume as Uncle Sam. We're wondering if you're being sympathetic with women's needs or are you making fun of them.

Isabella Vizzini
Marta Sanchez
Laura Garcia
St. Callistus School
Chicago, Ill.

There are a lot of supposedly "manly" magazines that degrade Uncle Sam's daughters, let alone consider them as equals. MAD is all the more virile for its uncompromising "*I* Want, Too" statement.

Lisa Kaufman
Lansdowne, Pa.

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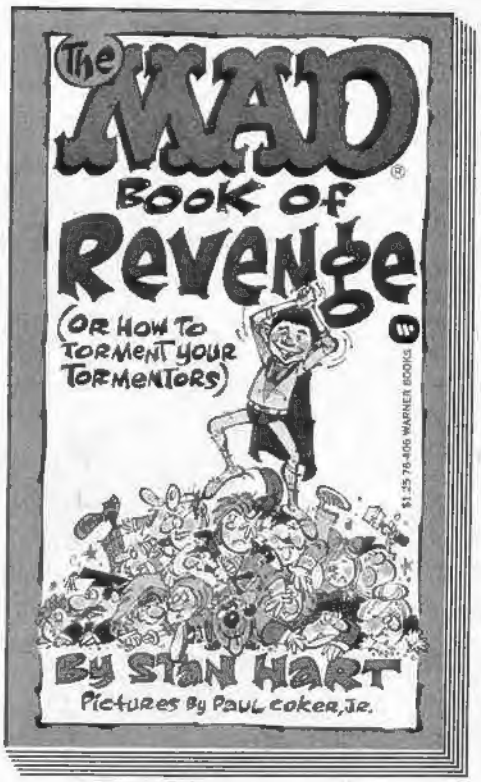

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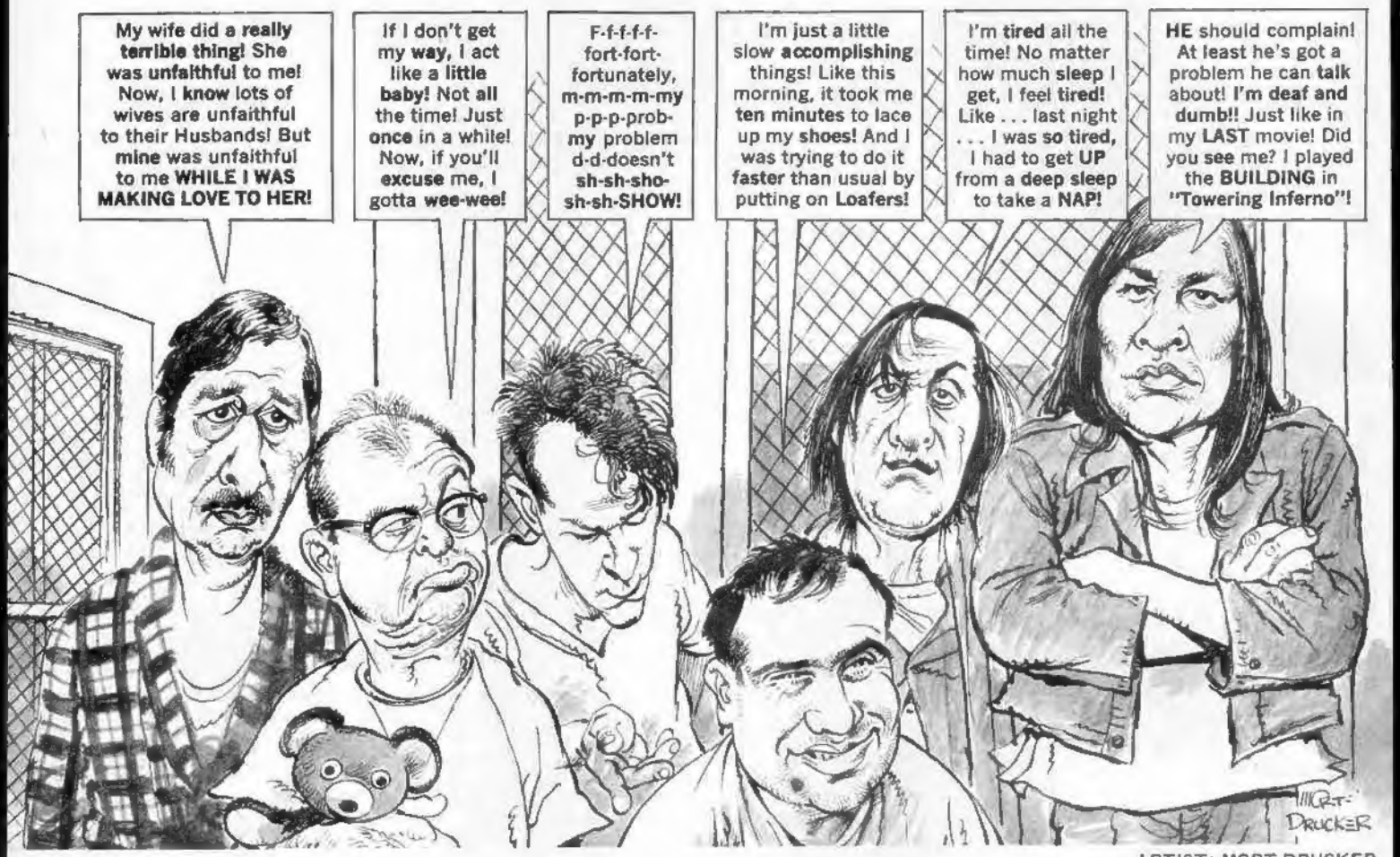
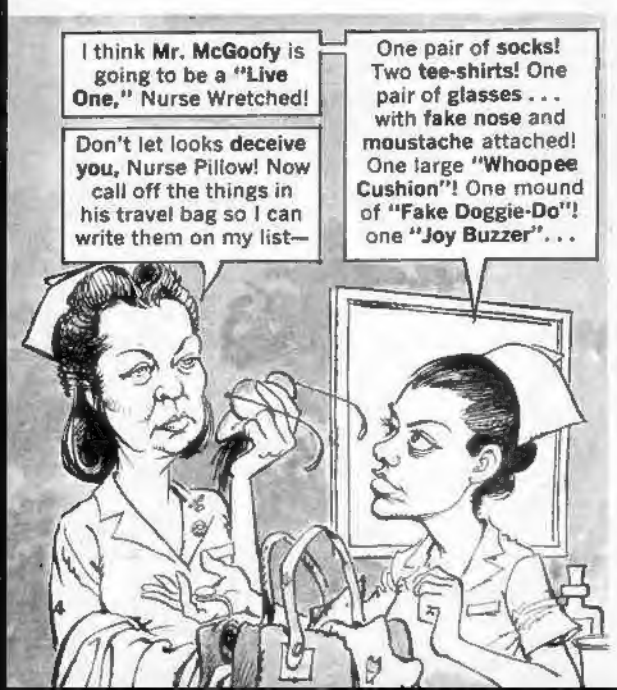
LOONEY BINGE DEPT.

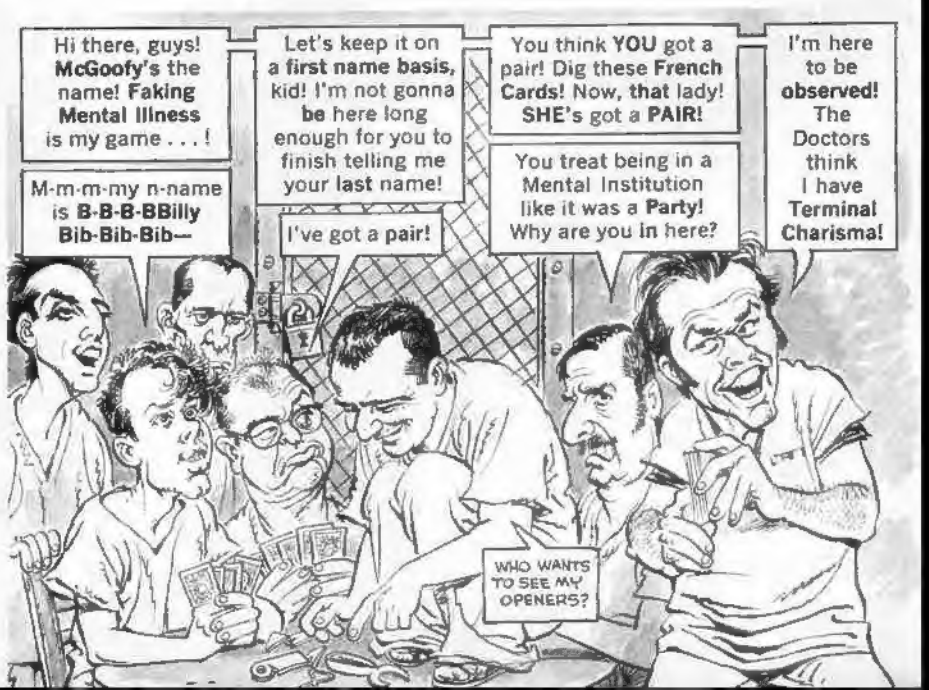
HERE WE GO WITH OUR VERSION OF THE RECENT SMASH-HIT-MOVIE ABOUT A

ONE CUCKOO FLE



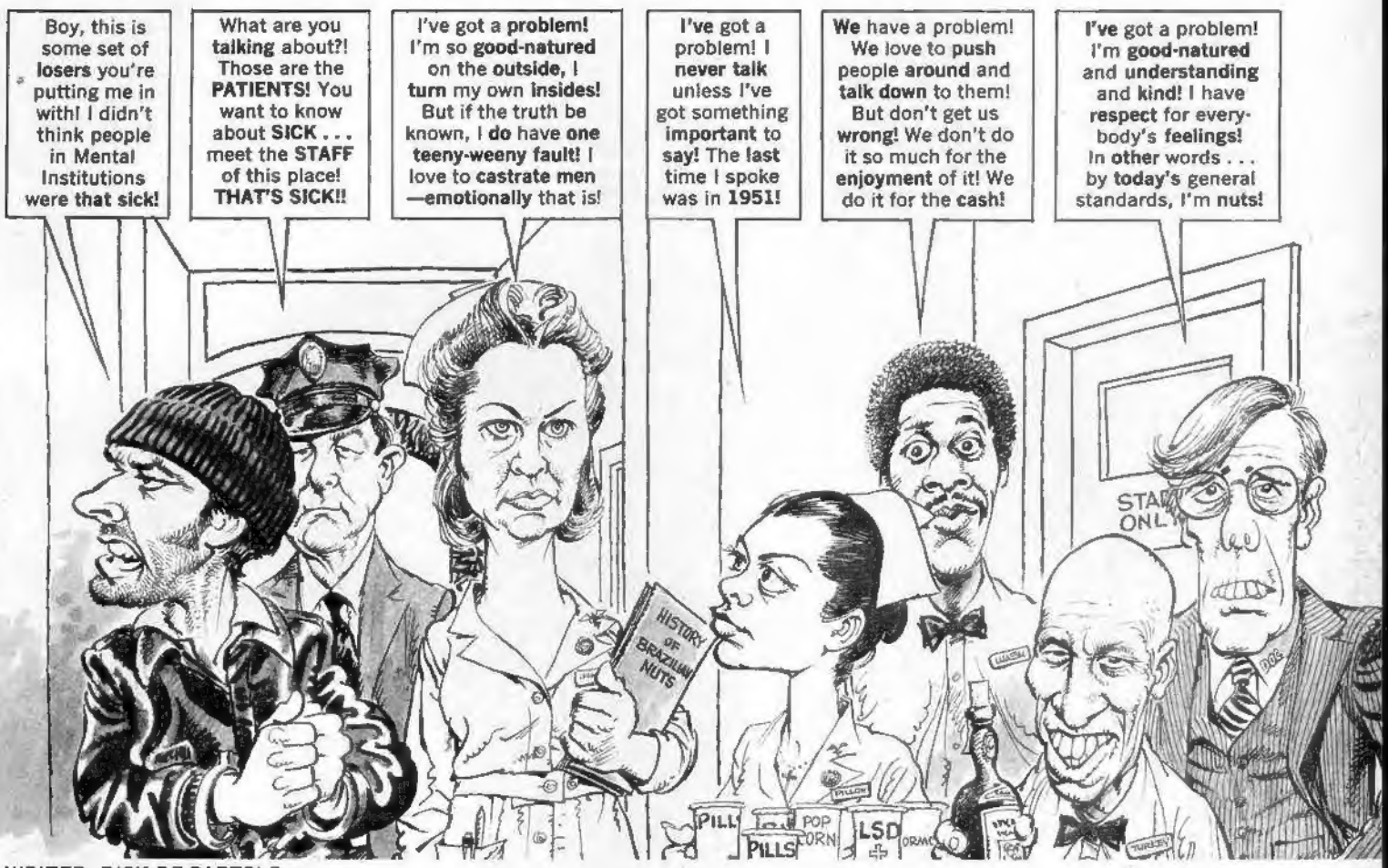
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER





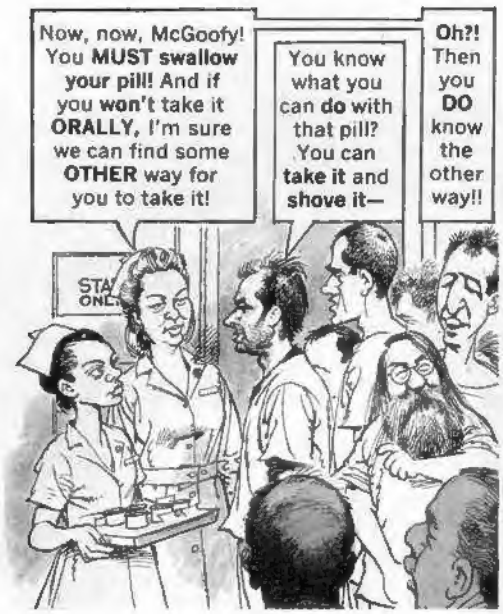
TROUBLE-MAKER AMONG THE INSANE! NO, IT'S NOT RALPH NADER! IT'S . . .

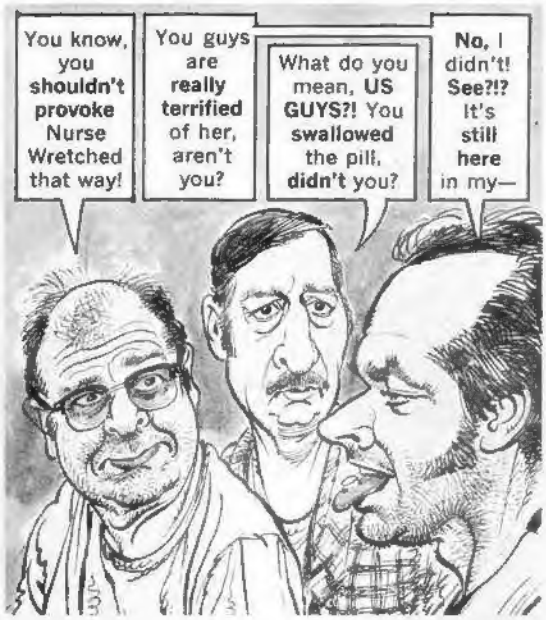
W OVER THE REST

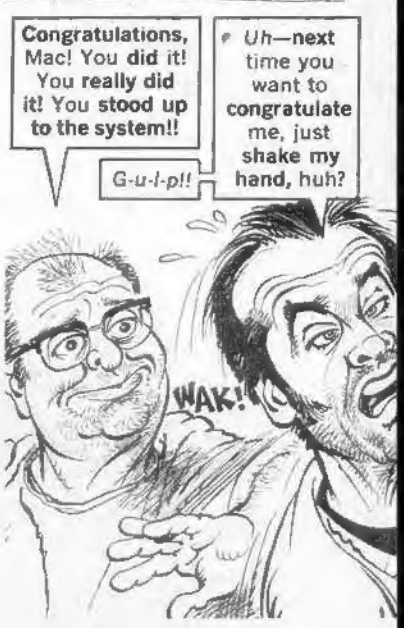


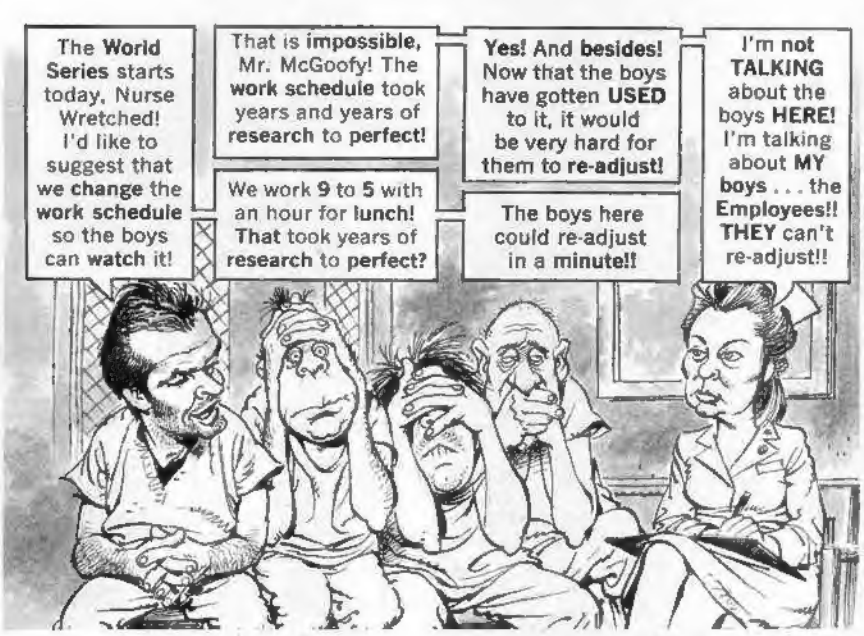
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

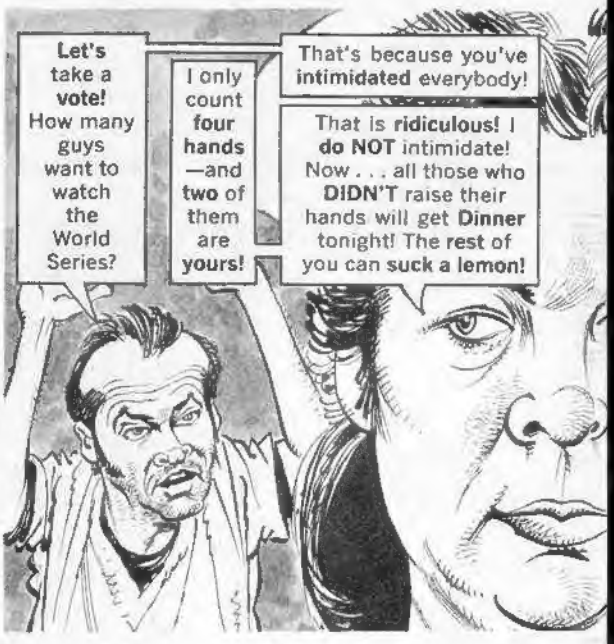
Nurse Wretched, can I watch TV?
No, Mr. McGoofy! It's time for our Group Therapy Session! Now, when we ended the last session, Mr. Hurting was telling us that he suspected his wife of dating other men . . . and some of you here hinted that you suspected Mr. Hurting of dating other men!
Wow!! Forget TV!! This is like watching "As The World Turns" LIVE!!
BBilly . . . would you like to start the meeting today?
N-n-n-n—
BBilly . . . next time, why don't you just nod!? This is only an hour session!
Mr. Hurting . . . will you start?
Well, I can only speculate on the real humanistic problems in juxtaposition to the individuals involved! As formless as the content may appear on a superficial or theanthropic level—
What are you talking about? I mean . . . WHAT'N HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!
If I knew what the hell I was TALKING about, I wouldn't BE HERE you idiot!
Okay, boys! That's all for today! It was very good!
Very good?!? Nothing was said! Nothing was solved! It was all just yelling and fighting!
I know! It was very good for ME! I love yelling and fighting! It's so— so SICK!!
Come on, Chief! Let me show you how to play basketball!
Hey, man! He's deaf and dumb!
So?!? If he has the makings of an UMPIRE, he can learn how to play basketball! Now, you see this ball, Chief?!? The object is to throw this ball into the basket! Get it? Ball . . . into basket . . .
I'M SO TIRED
That was very good, Chief . . . except for one little detail! You're supposed to wait until I LET GO OF THE BALL!!
Okay . . . a cigarette is a dime! Understand? Now, who's betting?
I'll bet 20 cents!
Where's your two cigarettes?
You got change for a cigar?
Uh . . . Nurse Wretched, could you lower that music please? We can't concentrate on our game!
The music is there to soothe the nerves!
But it's so LOUD, it's upsetting everybody!
But everybody HAS to be upset, Mr. McGoofy, or there wouldn't be any reason to soothe them, would there?!?
STOP IT! STOP IT!
I will not stop the music!!
I can LIVE with the lousy music! It's your LOGIC!! I think it's beginning to make SENSE to me . . . which means I'm on my way to being REALLY NUTS!!

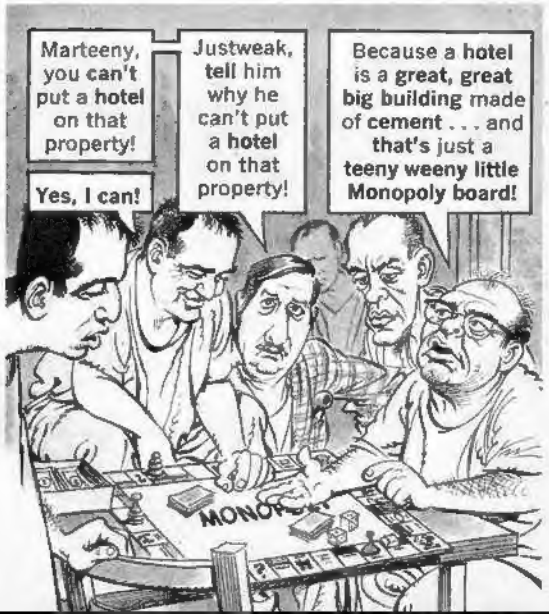

Now, now, McGoofy! You MUST swallow your pill! And if you won't take it ORALLY, I'm sure we can find some OTHER way for you to take it!
You know what you can do with that pill? You can take it and shove it—
Oh?! Then you DO know the other way!!

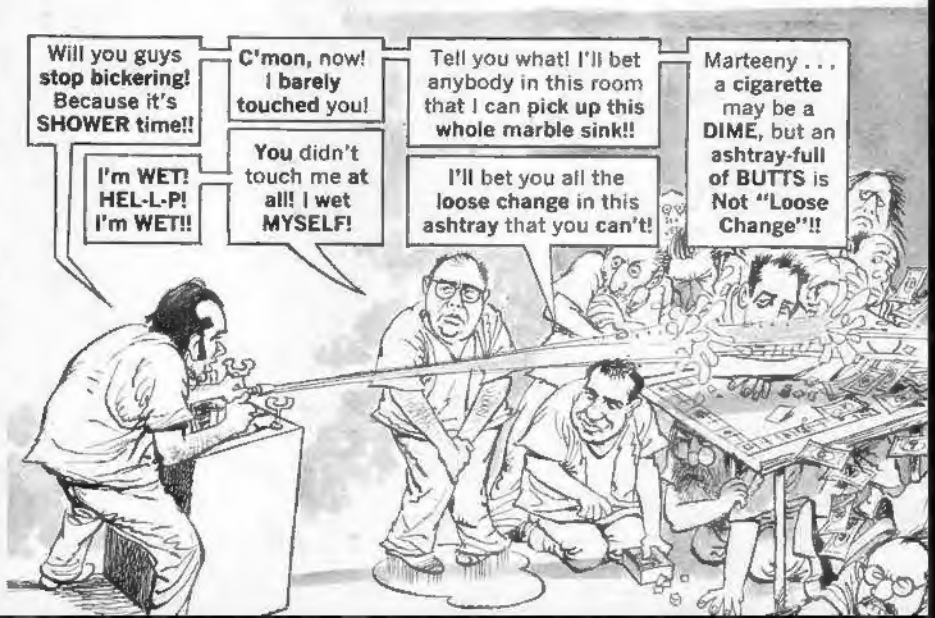

You know, you shouldn't provoke Nurse Wretched that way!
You guys are really terrified of her, aren't you?
What do you mean, US GUYS?! You swallowed the pill, didn't you?
No, I didn't! See?!? It's still here in my—


Congratulations, Mac! You did it! You really did it! You stood up to the system!!
G-u-l-p!!
Uh—next time you want to congratulate me, just shake my hand, huh?
WAK!

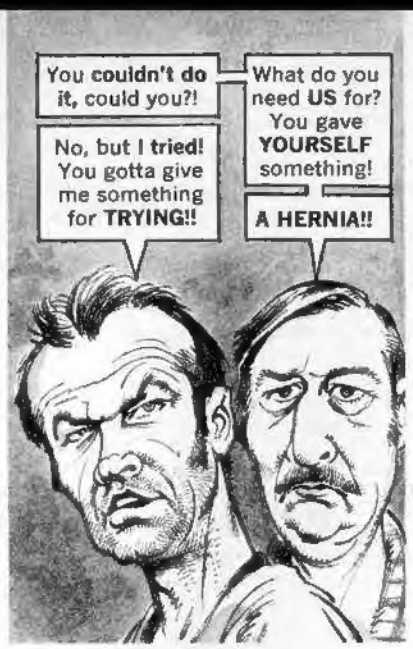

The World Series starts today, Nurse Wretched! I'd like to suggest that we change the work schedule so the boys can watch it!
That is impossible, Mr. McGoofy! The work schedule took years and years of research to perfect!
We work 9 to 5 with an hour for lunch! That took years of research to perfect?
Yes! And besides! Now that the boys have gotten USED to it, it would be very hard for them to re-adjust!
The boys here could re-adjust in a minute!!
I'm not TALKING about the boys HERE! I'm talking about MY boys . . . the Employees!! THEY can't re-adjust!!

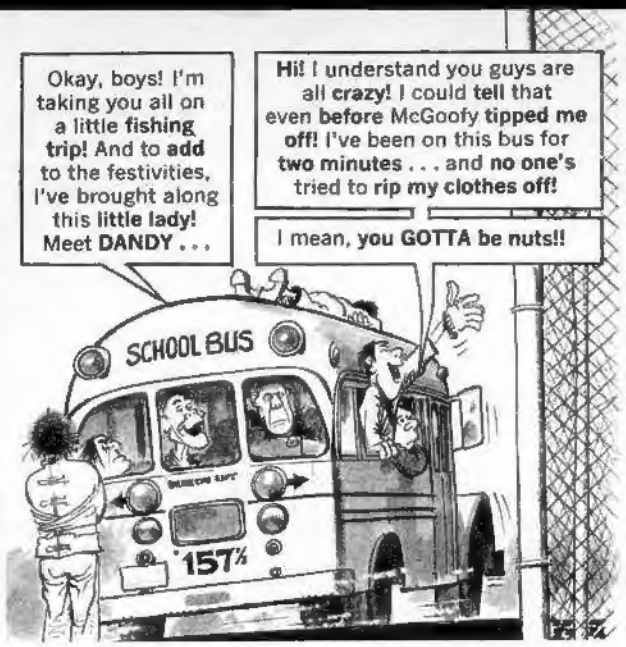

Let's take a vote! How many guys want to watch the World Series?
I only count four hands —and two of them are yours!
That's because you've intimidated everybody!
That is ridiculous! I do NOT intimidate! Now . . . all those who DIDN'T raise their hands will get Dinner tonight! The rest of you can suck a lemon!


Marteeny, you can't put a hotel on that property!
Yes, I can!
Justweak, tell him why he can't put a hotel on that property!
Because a hotel is a great, great big building made of cement . . . and that's just a teeny weeny little Monopoly board!

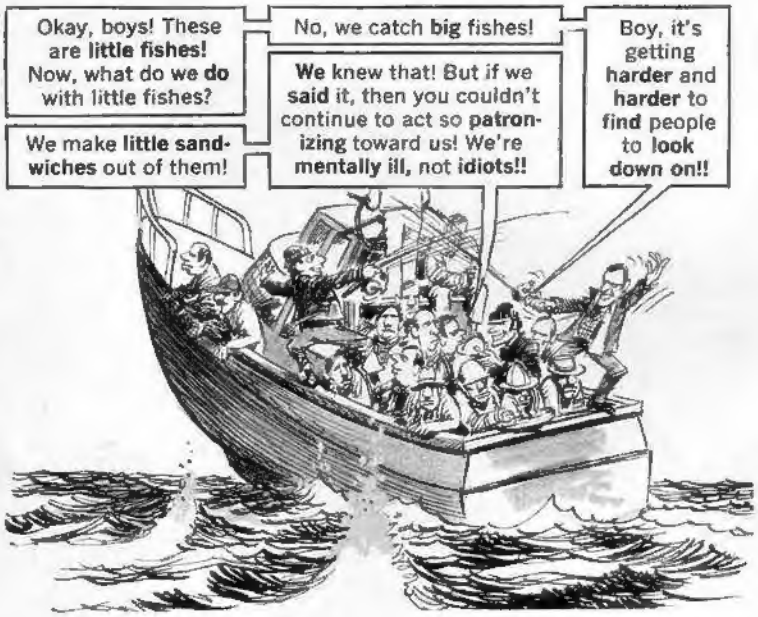

Will you guys stop bickering! Because it's SHOWER time!!
C'mon, now! I barely touched you!
I'm WET! HEL-L-P! I'm WET!!
You didn't touch me at all! I wet MYSELF!
Tell you what! I'll bet anybody in this room that I can pick up this whole marble sink!!
I'll bet you all the loose change in this ashtray that you can't!
Marteeny . . . a cigarette may be a DIME, but an ashtray-full of BUTTS is Not "Loose Change"!!

Okay . . . I'll show you guys . . . I'll . . . gasp . . I'll . . . ooof . . . I'll pick . . . puff-puff . . . I'll move this . . . pant-pant . . .

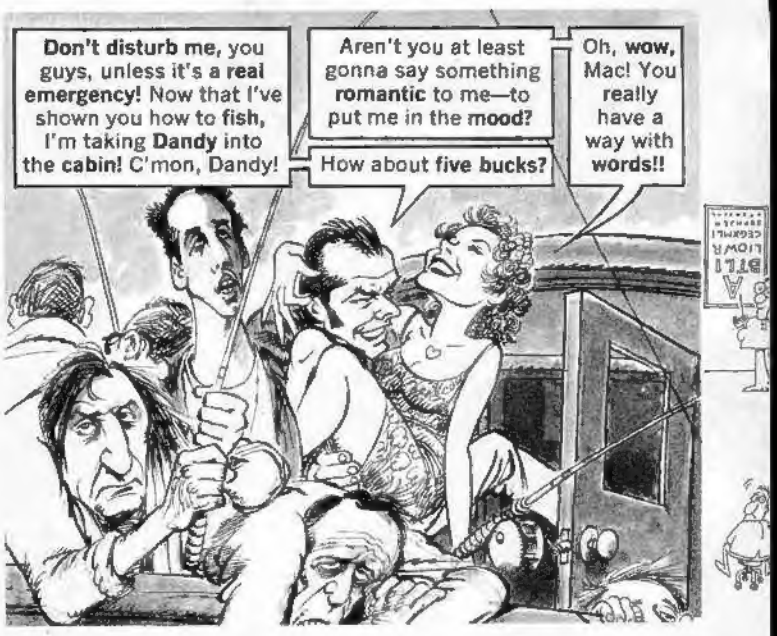

You couldn't do it, could you?!
What do you need US for? You gave YOURSELF something!
No, but I tried! You gotta give me something for TRYING!!
A HERNIA!!

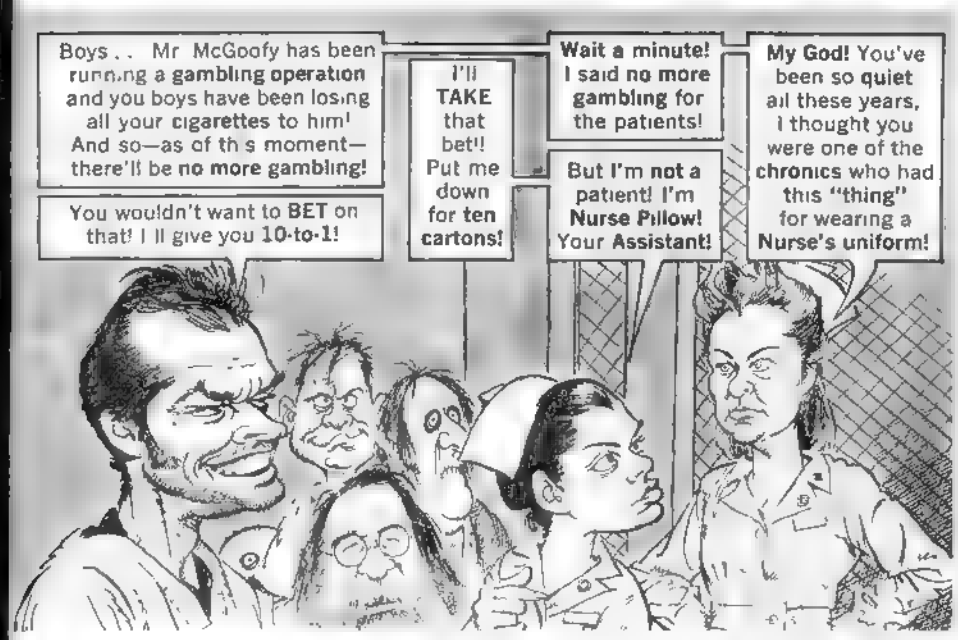

Okay, boys! I'm taking you all on a little fishing trip! And to add to the festivities, I've brought along this little lady! Meet DANDY . . .
Hi! I understand you guys are all crazy! I could tell that even before McGoofy tipped me off! I've been on this bus for two minutes . . . and no one's tried to rip my clothes off!
I mean, you GOTTA be nuts!!
SCHOOL BUS
157½

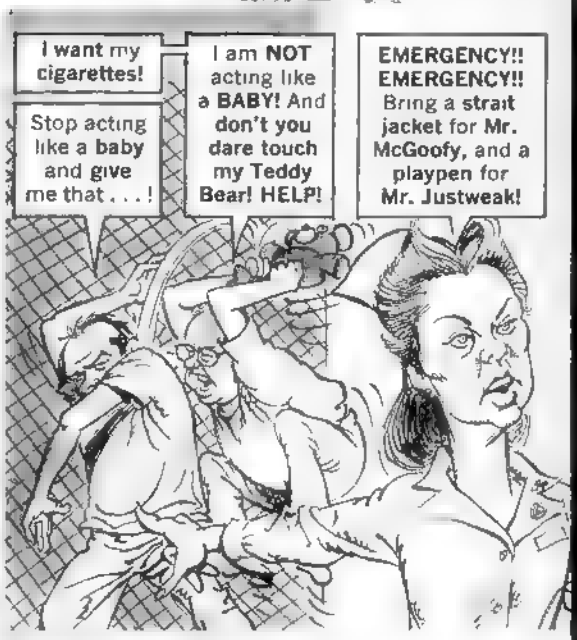
Hey! Where do you guys think you're going?!
DOCTORS?! Where are your BAGS?!
What instruments?! I'm talking about your GOLF BAGS! Who ever heard of Doctors traveling without Golf Bags?!
On an OUTING! We're Doctors!!
We never carry our instruments on leisure trips!
KEVIN CHIANTA MARINA


Okay, boys! These are little fishes! Now, what do we do with little fishes?
No, we catch big fishes!
Boy, it's getting harder and harder to find people to look down on!!
We make little sandwiches out of them!
We knew that! But if we said it, then you couldn't continue to act so patronizing toward us! We're mentally ill, not idiots!!

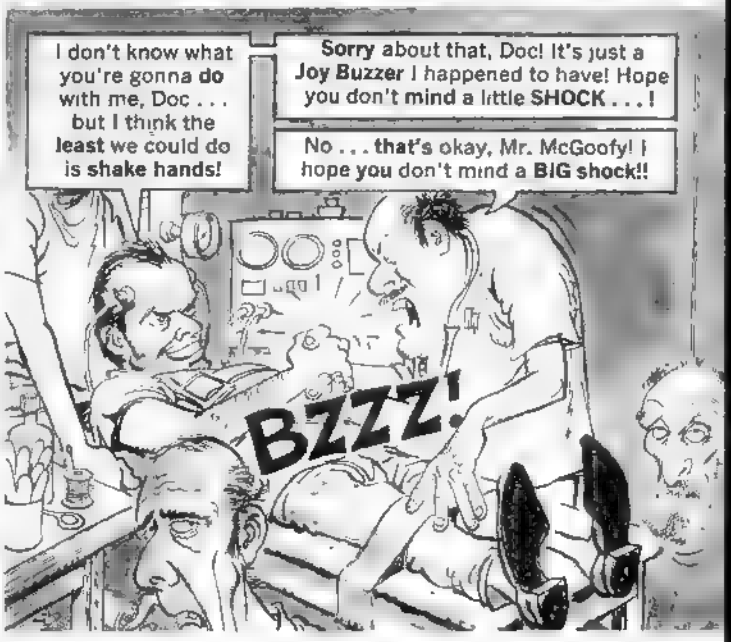
G-g-g-g-gee, Dan-Dan-Dandy, you-you-you ha-ha-ha-have su-su-su-such b-be-beautiful h-h-h-h-hair!
Thanks! But it's gotten a little GRAY since you started to compliment me!
A-a-and y-y-you h-h-have su-such lov-lov-lovely—
Eyes? Lips?!? Legs?!? Hands?!? Just nod "yes" when I hit it, Kiddo! It'll save a lot of valuable time!

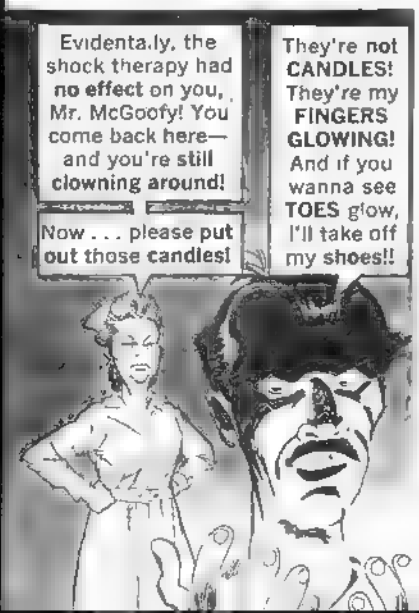

Don't disturb me, you guys, unless it's a real emergency! Now that I've shown you how to fish, I'm taking Dandy into the cabin! C'mon, Dandy!
Aren't you at least gonna say something romantic to me—to put me in the mood?
How about five bucks?
Oh, wow, Mac! You really have a way with words!!

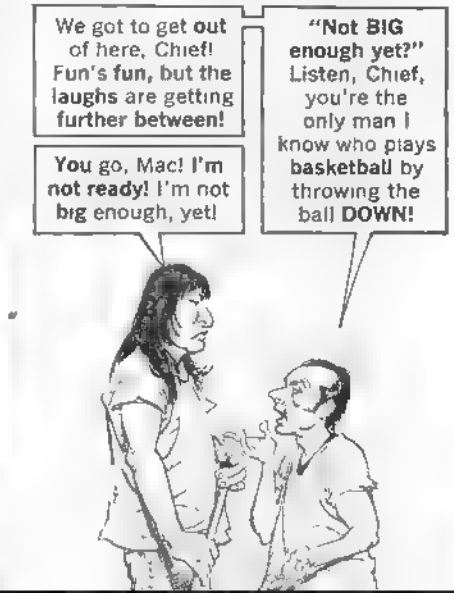

Boys . . Mr McGoofy has been running a gambling operation and you boys have been losing all your cigarettes to him! And so—as of this moment—there'll be no more gambling!
You wouldn't want to BET on that! I'll give you 10-to-1!
I'll TAKE that bet!! Put me down for ten cartons!
Wait a minute! I said no more gambling for the patients!
But I'm not a patient! I'm Nurse Pillow! Your Assistant!
My God! You've been so quiet all these years, I thought you were one of the chronics who had this "thing" for wearing a Nurse's uniform!

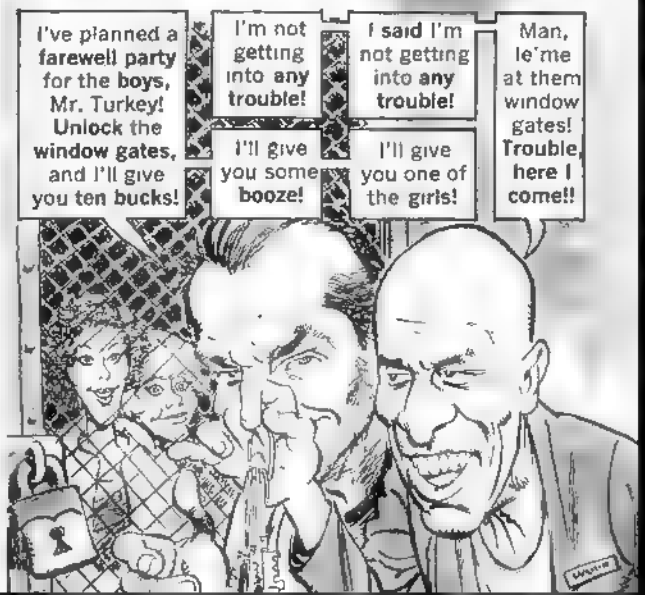

I want my cigarettes!
Stop acting like a baby and give me that . . . !
I am NOT acting like a BABY! And don't you dare touch my Teddy Bear! HELP!
EMERGENCY!! EMERGENCY!! Bring a strait jacket for Mr. McGoofy, and a playpen for Mr. Justweak!

You may be deaf and dumb, but you sure can fight! You knocked the STUFFING out of that Teddy Bear! Also eight Guards! Thanks, Chief!
You're welcome, Mac!
Why you old son of a ☆ - & ★%! You can TALK!! Why haven't you ever spoken before this?
Oh, I dunno! Didn't you ever find yourself in one of those moods where you just don't feel like talking to anyone?
Yeah, I have! But not for sixteen straight years!


I don't know what you're gonna do with me, Doc . . . but I think the least we could do is shake hands!
Sorry about that, Doc! It's just a Joy Buzzer I happened to have! Hope you don't mind a little SHOCK . . . !
No . . . that's okay, Mr. McGoofy! I hope you don't mind a BIG shock!!
BZZZ!


Evidentally, the shock therapy had no effect on you, Mr. McGoofy! You come back here—and you're still clowning around!
Now . . . please put out those candles!
They're not CANDLES! They're my FINGERS GLOWING! And if you wanna see TOES glow, I'll take off my shoes!!


We got to get out of here, Chief! Fun's fun, but the laughs are getting further between!
You go, Mac! I'm not ready! I'm not big enough, yet!
"Not BIG enough yet?" Listen, Chief, you're the only man I know who plays basketball by throwing the ball DOWN!


I've planned a farewell party for the boys, Mr. Turkey! Unlock the window gates, and I'll give you ten bucks!
I'm not getting into any trouble!
I'll give you some booze!
I said I'm not getting into any trouble!
I'll give you one of the girls!
Man, let me at them window gates! Trouble, here I come!!

Medication time, boys! Marteeny gets Gin . . . Hurting gets Rye . . . BBilly gets Scotch . . . Justweak gets Yoo-Hoo!

We're in trouble! Here comes the SUPERVISOR!

Don't worry! We got enough for her, too!

What are those women doing in this Ward!

I think it's the Fox Trot!!

I think it's the HUSTLE!

Gee, Ma'am, this is 1963! The Hustle hasn't been invented yet!

Mr Turkey . the Hustle SHE'S doing was invented thousands of years ago!!

Don't be angry, Ma'am! It's just that people have—uh—certain natural URGES that call out to be SATISFIED!

Get them out of here, and then I want to talk to you about those "urges"!

Shall I come to your office??

No . . meet me in the basement behind the boiler . . . and bring some of that booze!

Well, g'bye gang! I'm off to Canada!

G g g-g good b b-b b-bye, M M M

Could you speed it up, BBilly? The train leaves in four hours!

C-c-could I—I—

You—you want a date with Dandy?!? Sure!! Why not?! On ONE CONDITION! You can do anything you want with her! ANYTHING!! Except . . . NO TALKING!

LOOK at this place! Maybe NOW Nurse Wretched will finally show some emotion!

Mr. Pock! Start picking up this mess!

Mr. Mark! See if anyone is missing!

Nurse Pillow! Arrange the features on my face to show extreme anger!

Everyone's here except BBilly—and he's in that room . . . making love to a woman!

Is he finished?

No, he's still on the "l-l-love" of "I love you!"

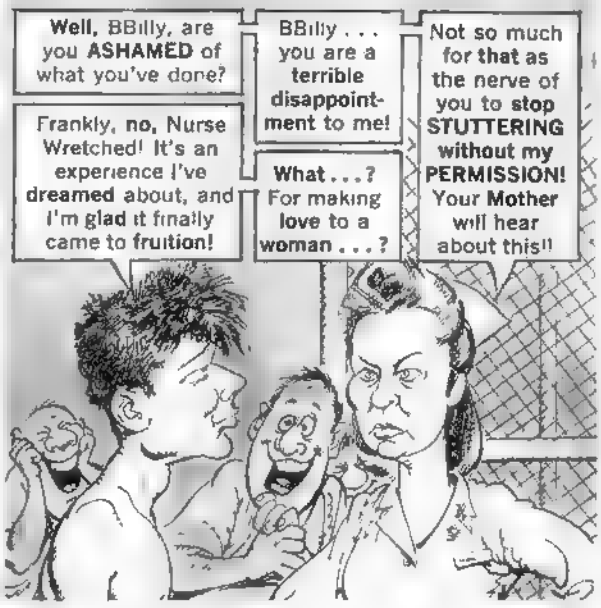
Well, BBilly, are you ASHAMED of what you've done?

Frankly, no, Nurse Wretched! It's an experience I've dreamed about, and I'm glad it finally came to fruition!

BBilly . . . you are a terrible disappointment to me!

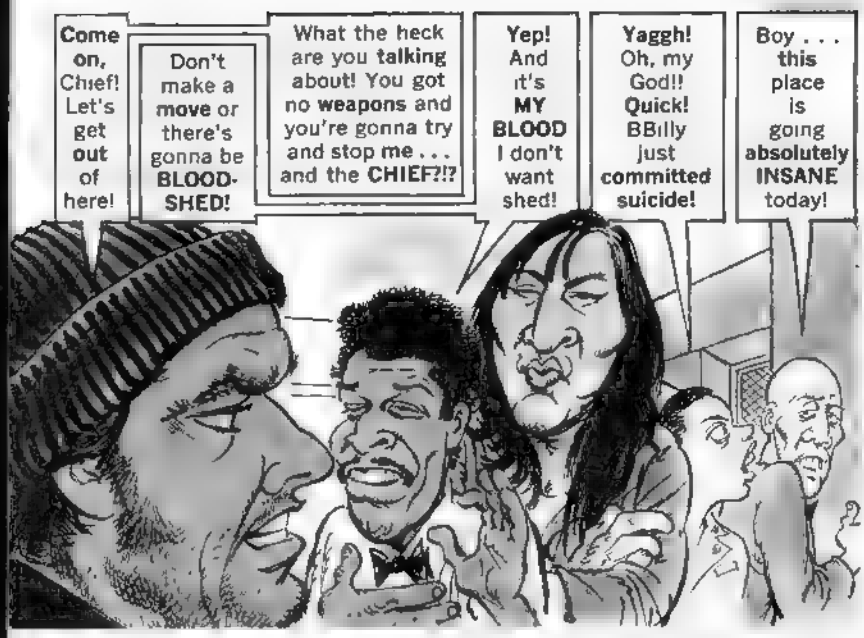
What . . . ? For making love to a woman . . . ?

Not so much for that as the nerve of you to stop STUTTERING without my PERMISSION! Your Mother will hear about this!!

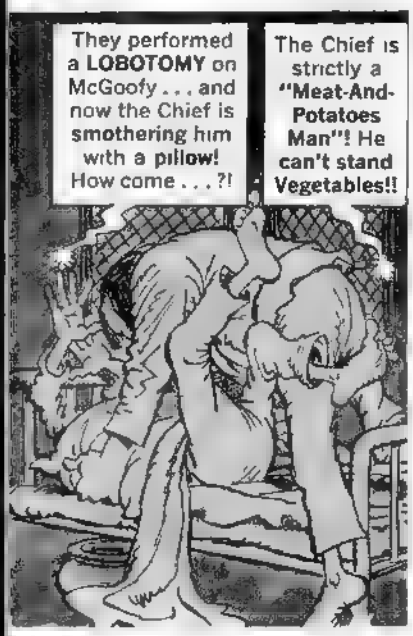


N-n-no! P-p-p-p-please d-d-d-d-don't t-t-tell m-m-m-my M-mother!

That's better! But I'm STILL going to to tell her because I see something in you today that I've never seen before and I want to destroy it immediately! That rotten SELF-CONFIDENCE!!

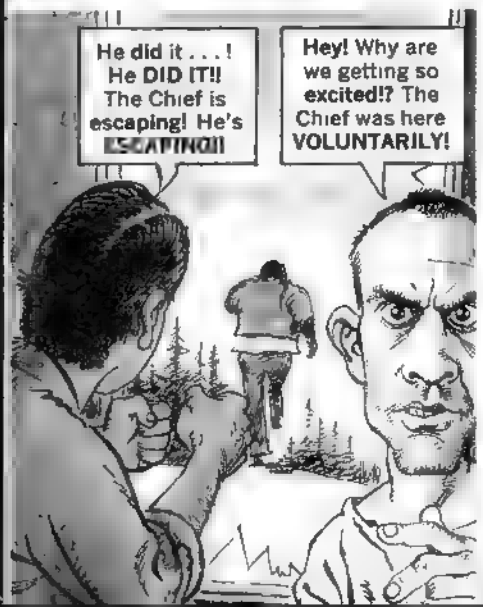

Come on, Chief! Let's get out of here!
Don't make a move or there's gonna be BLOOD-SHED!
What the heck are you talking about! You got no weapons and you're gonna try and stop me . . . and the CHIEF?!?
Yep! And it's MY BLOOD I don't want shed!
Yaggh! Oh, my God!! Quick! BBilly just committed suicide!
Boy . . . this place is going absolutely INSANE today!

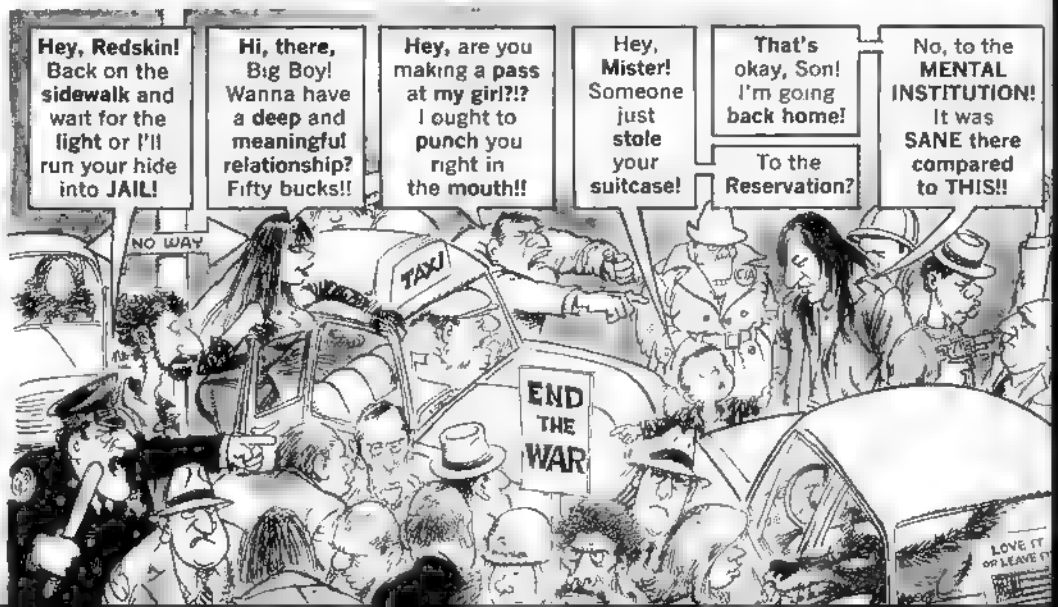
Why, you ☆@★!☆@# You made BBilly do that!
I gave no one permission to commit suicide!
I'll KILL YOU!!
And I most cer—gasp—most certainly did not—gasp—choke—give you permission to—gurgle—strangle me!!


They performed a LOBOTOMY on McGoofy . . . and now the Chief is smothering him with a pillow! How come . . . ?!
The Chief is strictly a "Meat-And-Potatoes Man"! He can't stand Vegetables!!

Now the Chief is ripping that huge marble sink out of the floor . . . just like McGoofy tried to do once! He's doing it for Mac!
No, he's doing it because that sink represents the Establishment . . . its rules and regulations . . . and the distorted values it imposes!
Hey, is that true, Chief? Is ripping out that sink hidden symbolism?
No . . . it's open hostility!

CRASH

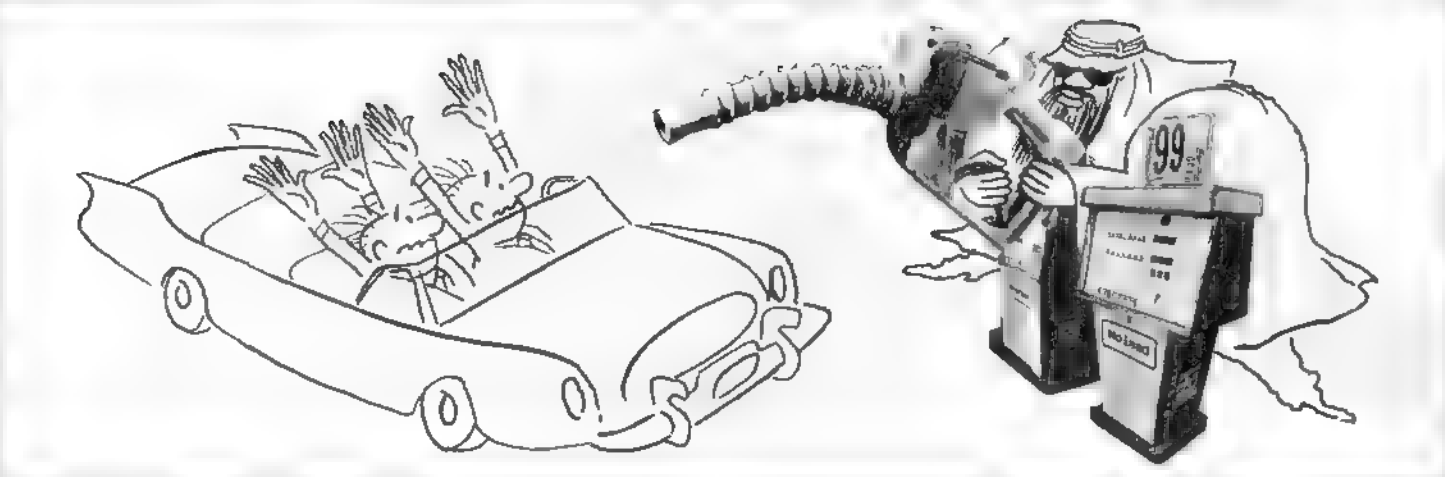

He did it . . . ! He DID IT!! The Chief is escaping! He's ESCAPING!!
Hey! Why are we getting so excited!? The Chief was here VOLUNTARILY!

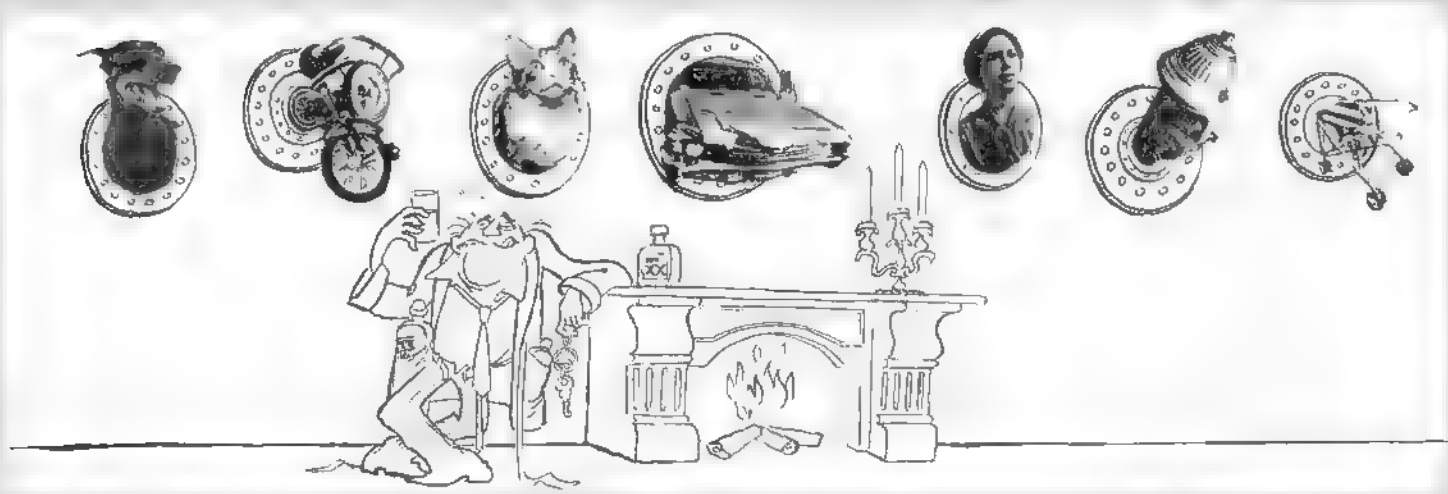

Hey, Redskin! Back on the sidewalk and wait for the light or I'll run your hide into JAIL!
Hi, there, Big Boy! Wanna have a deep and meaningful relationship? Fifty bucks!!
Hey, are you making a pass at my girl?!? I ought to punch you right in the mouth!!
Hey, Mister! Someone just stole your suitcase!
That's okay, Son! I'm going back home!
To the Reservation?
No, to the MENTAL INSTITUTION! It was SANE there compared to THIS!!
NO WAY
TAXI
END THE WAR
LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

TEN LEAST WANTED DEPT.

AN ANGRY MAD LOOK AT UNPUNIS

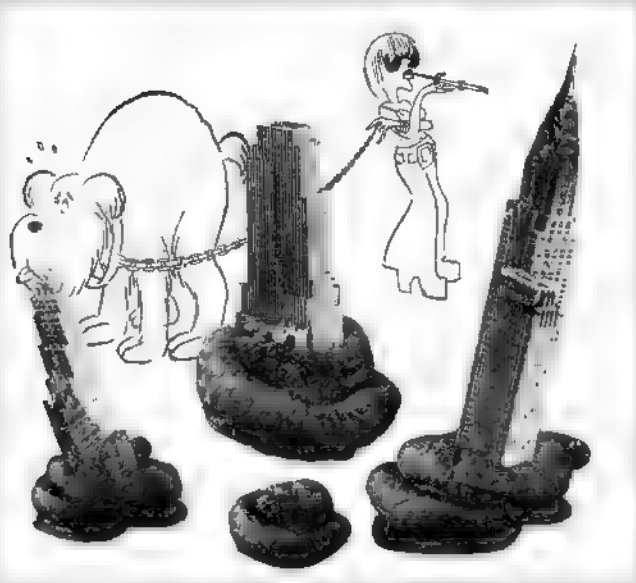
ARTIST & WRITER ·

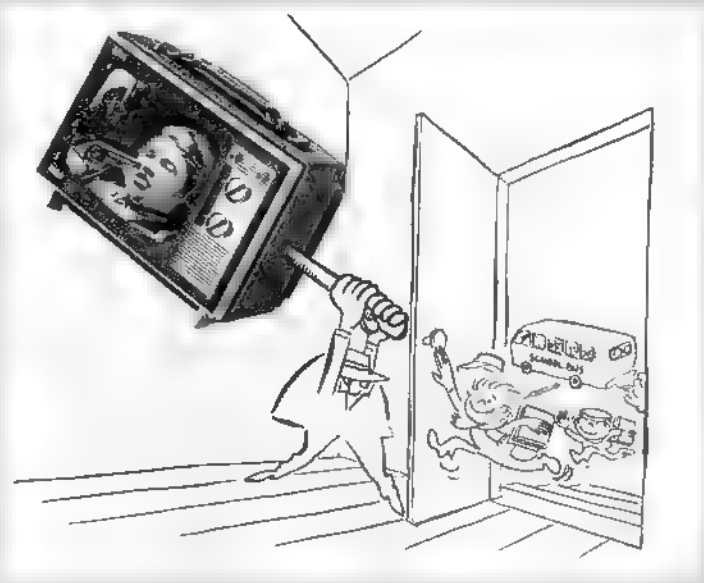




HED CRIMINALS

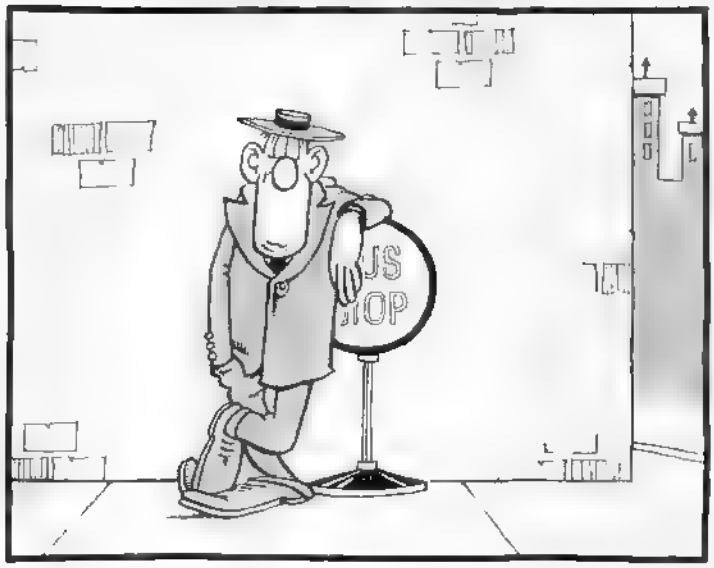
ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

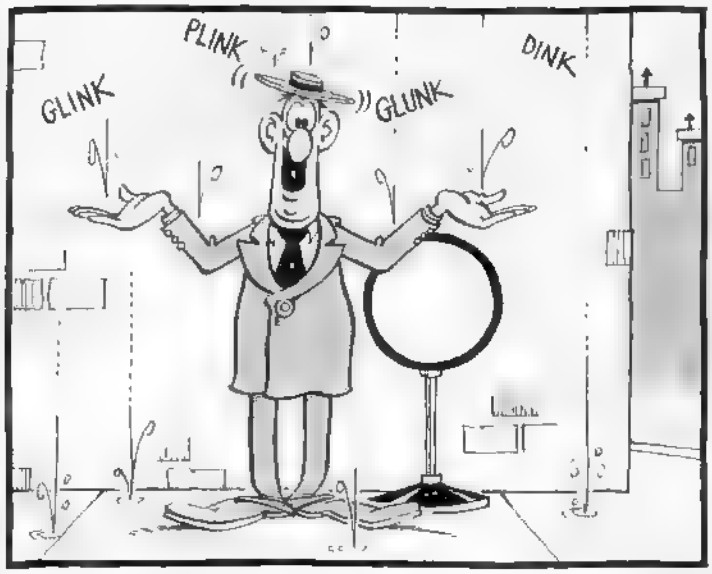


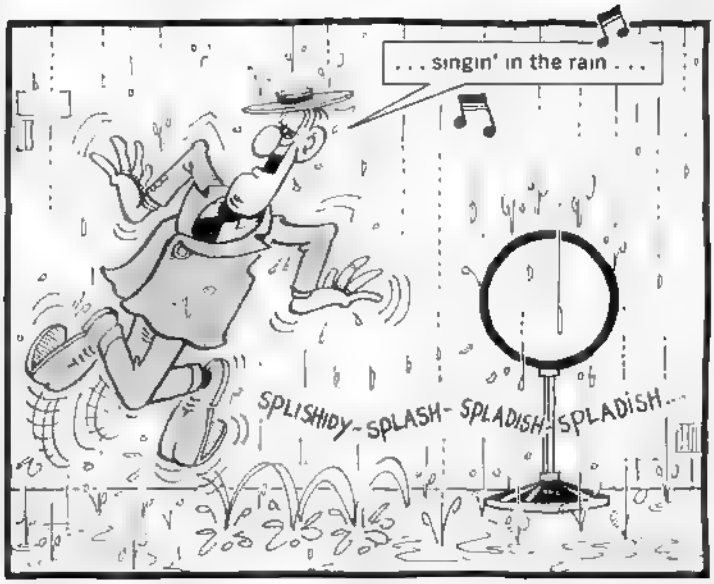


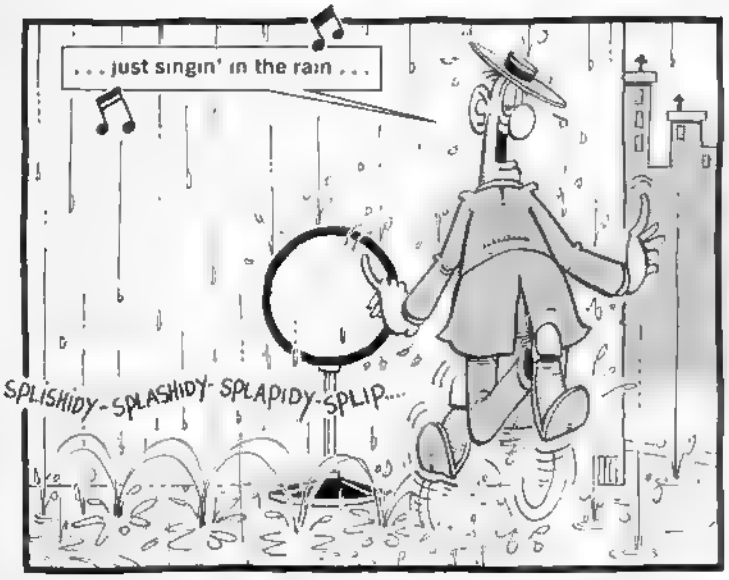
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

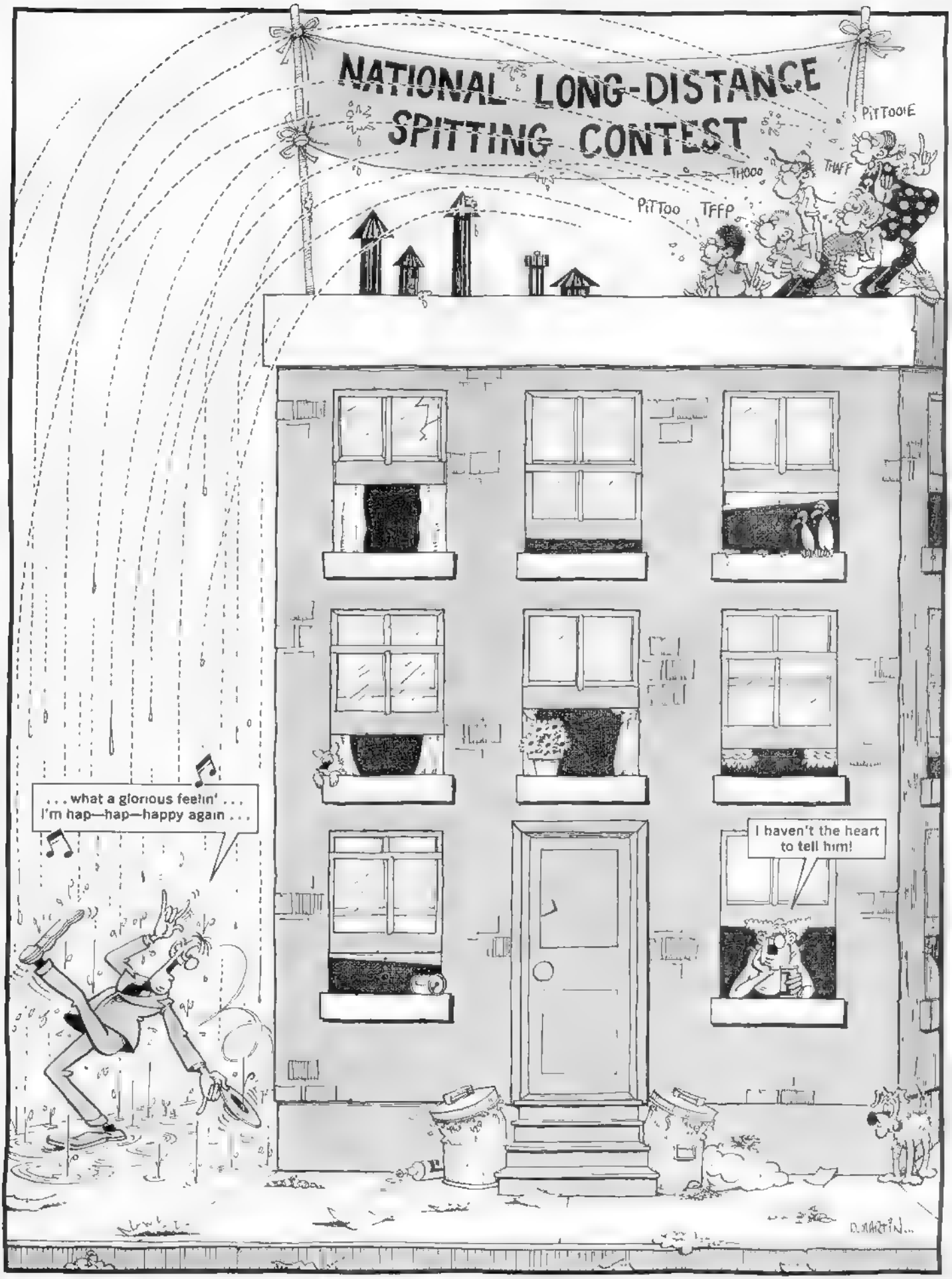
ONE DAY LAST APRIL











LYRICS TO "SINGING IN THE RAIN" © 1929 MGM AND ROBBINS MUSIC CORP

It used to be Wars . . . then Violence . . . then Sex . . . and now it's Disasters that make the masses stand in lines and plunk down their hard-earned bread at movie houses. Today, there is an avid market for burning skyscrapers, sinking ocean liners, earthquakes, etc. And so, MAD predicts that it won't be long before some enterprising publisher comes out with . . .

DISASTER MAGAZINE

The Digest for Diggers of Doom

PRICE: $5.00
(Talk about disasters!)

IN THIS ISSUE:

HUMAN INTEREST

Two brothers lost in avalanche 20 years ago re-united briefly during a mid-air collision.

PSYCHOLOGY

"Is the law too hard on our fun-loving pyromaniacs?" by Oscar "The Flame" Hyman, noted analyst.

HUMOR

The Goofy Side of Mass Evacuations.

ART

A gallery of partially-destroyed masterpieces from the Florence flood.

FOOD

"Finger-licking good K-RATIONS" by the Gobbling Gourmet.

FASHION

Steve McQueen and Paul Newman model the latest in asbestos wear! Yes, ladies, Paul does appear in a fire-proof undershirt!

SPORTS

A South American Soccer Official Asks— "Should I have stopped the game when the bleachers collapsed?"

SURFERS "HANG TEN" AS 70 FOOT TIDAL WAVE HITS LONG ISLAND

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

The DISASTER SHOPPER

A GIFT FROM THE SEA

Say "goodbye" to cruise-bound friends with Davy Jones' elegant basket of *Fruit From The Deep*. This new eye and palate-pleasing arrangement is composed of shellfish, algae jellies, and pickled eels, all hand-picked from the hull of the late, great liner, Andrea Doria.

HEAR TODAY, GONE YESTERDAY

Nostalgia/Calamity Records has just released these live recordings of SOUNDS OF DISASTERS. Now, in the comfort of your own home, you can listen to the awesome "whoosh" the Hindenburg made while burning up at its moorings, the S.O.S. sent by the Titanic, and other all-time favorites.

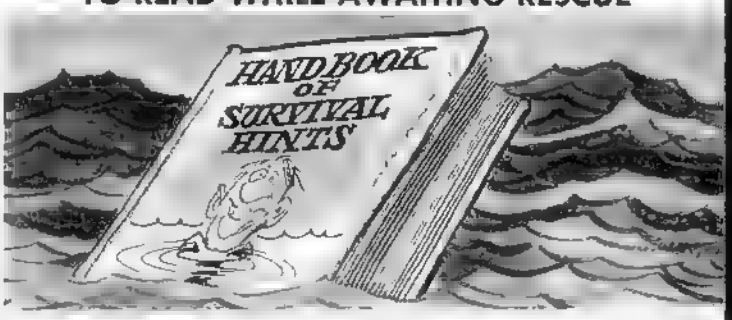
SPECIAL FOR STORM TROOPERS

Hey, Hurricane fans! Now you can have your favorite big blow emblazoned on your chest, thanks to *They Call The Wind Maria, Among Other Things, Incorporated*'s new T-shirt line. Comes in all sizes for all shapes. Choice of White shirt with black lettering or black shirt with blood-red letters.

FASHIONS FOR YOUR FALL

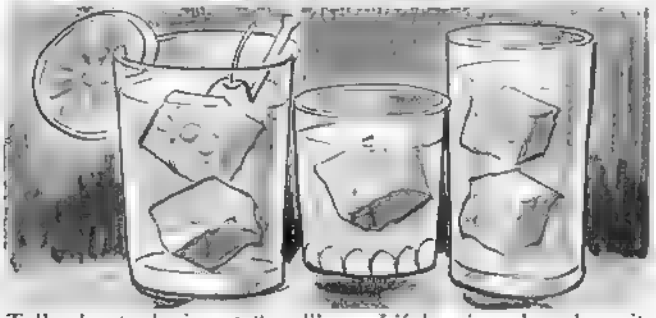
Wherever you may land, be it land or sea, you'll be glad you ordered this wonderful set of Day-Glo / Night-Glo Body Paints. If you've always wanted to be radiant, this set is for you, especially during rescue time when you're praying someone finds you. Now available in a choice of Alarm Red, Blast Orange, Hurricane Green, Brine Blue and Peril Pink.

TO READ WHILE AWAITING RESCUE



No Disaster Library is complete without C.N.E. Wessel's "*Handbook of Survival Hints*." With chapters like "How To Collect Body Salt to Season Food" and "PANIC—How To Enjoy It!", you know that your life is in the right hands. Illustrated with some of the goriest photos ever taken, this gift item comes bound in floatable, fire-proof covers.

INTO THE DRINK



Talk about playing it "cool". . . *Lifeboatique* has done it again, this time with a set of perma-frozen ice cubes cut from the actual iceberg that sank the Titanic. No party gets dull with these little conversation-coppers clinking around in your glasses. But make sure to order them now! The supply is limited as there's not much but a tip of the old berg left!

WHEN IT POURS, IT POURS

Don't let the mud or slime floating around fool you, these swell souvenirs from the world's most celebrated floods are guaranteed pure and ready to drink. Sold in disposable containers or flip-top cans, you can add a touch of class to the glass at your next disaster gathering. For added kicks, blindfold your guests and get 'em to play "Name That Flood."

A DISASTER SAVED MY LIFE

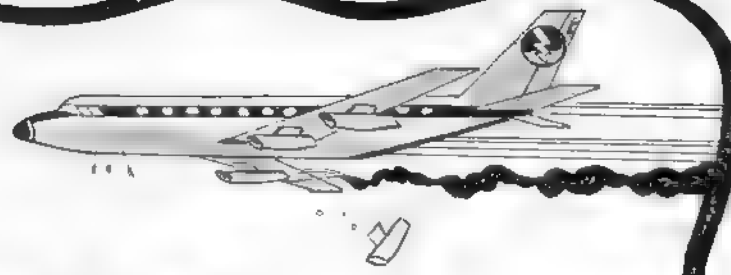
by E. Alan Irwin

WHOEVER named it the "writing game" was nuts. He certainly wasn't a writer. Any writer knows it's anything but a game. A game can be fun. Writing isn't fun. A game can be won or lost. In writing you can only lose. Sure, it has its bright days, too, but so does London. Most of the time it's fog, fog, fog. Anyway, that's how it was that winter of '74 as I sat at my typewriter, staring at the blank paper, knowing if I didn't fill that page with something saleable soon (like that week!) I would lose my beautiful Spanish cliffside house overlooking the Pacific (bought during one of my few "sunny" periods when my novel, "The Rabbi Wore A Gun", was made into a noodle western starring Clint Eastwood and Charles Bronson). I would also probably lose my wife Sheila, or worse, my Mercedes!

Then it happened. The torrential rains that had been battering the coast (as it had every rainy season) finally took its toll. First it started with a low rumble, then it became louder, and finally increased to a roar. I looked out the window and saw the houses down the street starting to collapse. I saw friends and neighbors being washed down their lawns, their furniture floating into their tennis courts. I heard my own beams squeak and then squeal as Sheila screeched and then squawked. And I knew that was it! I had been saved! What an inspiration!

I smiled as Sheila squished and squirmed past me on a raft of slime, knowing that her discomfort today would be forgotten tomorrow when I sold the screen rights to this great "disaster film" idea. I couldn't waste the time to reach out and help anyone at this point. No, my hands had more meaningful work to do at the *typewriter*. The ideas came fast and furious and I already saw Charlton Heston in the part of Lance Quagmire, the engineer flown in to . . .

(*Cont. pg. 72*)



WRECK TRAVEL AGENCY

PROUDLY PRESENTS

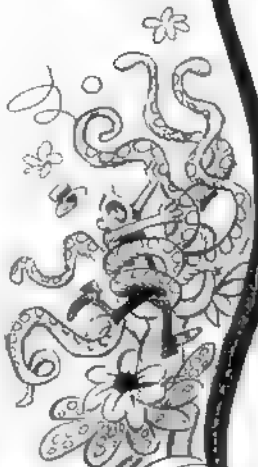
DISASTER PACKAGE TOURS

THE SOUTH PACIFIC VOLCANIC ISLAND HOP

Ten adrenalin-filled days, including: free lifeboat drill, "get-acquainted" mixer (on-the-rocks, of course!), full American plan plus botulism scare, trip to leper colony on a sun-drenched, obsolete life raft with only one quart of water to share among ten survivors. (Tidal wave optional).

THE WEST VIRGINIA COAL MINES BUS TOWN

✯Seven heart-stopping days including: modern, comfortable, air-conditioned bus which follows dangerously close to an explosive-carrying truck, stopovers at every major smash-up along the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Tour will conclude with a picnic and a square dance at the bottom of a condemned mineshaft.

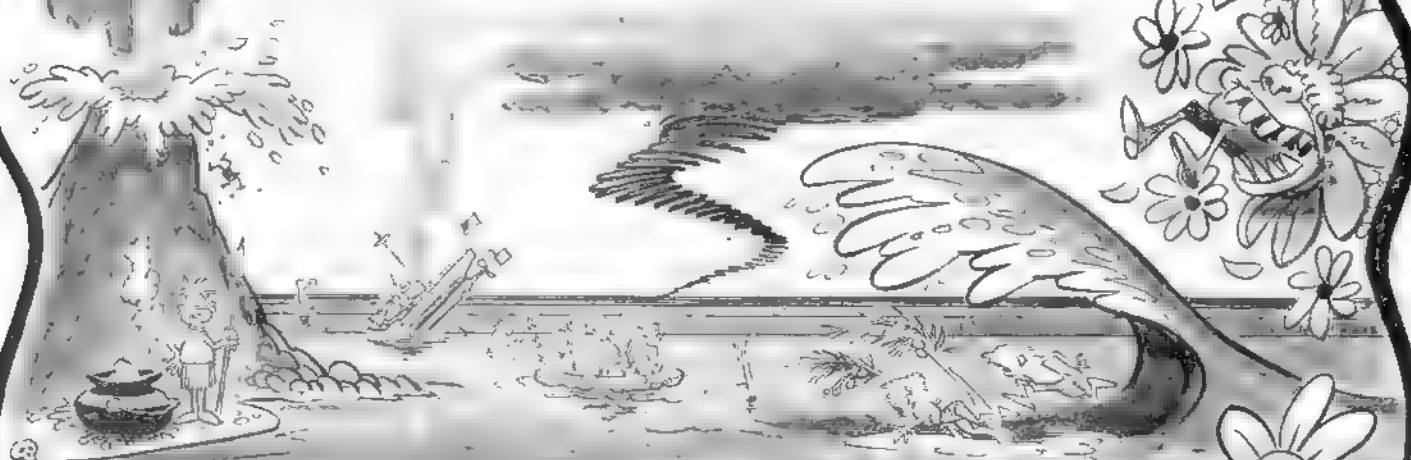


THE FLIGHTS OF FANCY BERMUDA TRIANGLE JUNKET

Open-ended tour via Chance Airways' 713 Jet guarantees nothing, including landing. The new 713 features one flaming turbojet engine, and sporadically locking landing gears. Navigator and first officer leave posts regularly to search for hidden bombs. If Bermuda Triangle fails to affect tour, a fun-filled, mid-ocean ditch will take place anyway, including pick-up by Soviet electronic spy ship. Return via Vladivostok, Omsk and Minsk . . . maybe.

THE CRETE-SINAI-MID-EAST PACKAGE TOUR

Twenty-one blood-pumping days includes: border clashes, guerilla attacks, and at least one devastating typhoon. Tour leader will attempt to instigate, but cannot guarantee a major war.



For additional information and reservations for any of the above tours, dial or cable "MAYDAY" or write: DISASTER PACKAGE TOURS, Inferno Towers, Hollywood, Calif.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA! All reservations received from any congressionally designated emergency disaster-area will receive at no extra cost a handsome personally monogrammed Mae West inflatable vest.

ITEM

A TOUR OF TASTY TIDBITS FROM DISASTERLAND

ITEM: Eureka, South Dakota . . . Herman "Sparkle" Plenty, a six-packs-a-day chainsmoker, walked into an undetected gas main break and wiped out the entire local urban renewal project.—That's the way to quit smoking! . . .

ITEM: Chute, Wyoming . . . The experience of sharing a shelter with a dozen lumberjacks during the recent flashfloods have cured him of a life-long lisp and a mincing walk, claims Bruce Foppe, noted hairdresser...

ITEM: Steambath, Alaska . . . Seeking refuge from the worst blizzard to hit these parts in 40 years, Mrs. Carol Tinkelman accepted help from what she thought to be a local fur trapper. During the spring thaw, the gent turned out to be a 450 lb. Kodiak bear. Leaving her family permanently, Carol states, "The bear is a better provider than my husband, Murray, ever was!". . .

ITEM: Bisque, Massachusetts . . . A freak twister relocated the Junior High School, and made the whole busing issue obsolete...

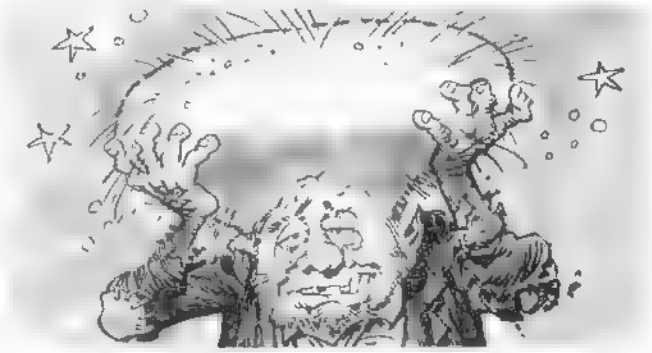
ITEM: Lloompholhan, North Wales . . . The Institute of Bizarre Bodily Functions has received a major grant for further studies of the effects of earthquakes on hiccups . . .

ITEM: S.S. Papillion . . . during her last Caribbean stopover, all the rats mysteriously abandoned this superluxury cruise ship. Disaster fans, now's the time to book your reservations at low, low rates . . .

ITEM: Beri-Beri, South Pacific . . . After the last eruption of the volcano here, a rash of "Lava-Fried Chicken" franchises have sprung up all over the island. We hear they're "finger-scorching good!". . .

ITEM: St. Buffet, French Antilles . . . Survivors of the 1970 rock slide disaster met for their fifth annual reunion here. "This may very well be our last one," both members agreed, "they're such a bore!"

ITEM: Meschugga, Tennessee . . . A vagrant that found and ate the contents of an atomic waste can near the local nuclear powerplant was hospitalized for a severe headache. You can imagine how severe his headache was, now that his cranium measures two-and-a-half feet wide!. . .



ITEM: Kinckaid, Nebraska . . . As the only husband-wife frozen food chain consultant team, Art and Sydelle Charney are well qualified, having spent most of their honeymoon under the biggest avalanche that ever covered the southern slopes of an alpine massif. "At first it was scary, but we did learn a lot about frozen meats," Art confessed. "And we have a lifetime ahead of us to thaw," Sydelle offered through her icy smile . . .

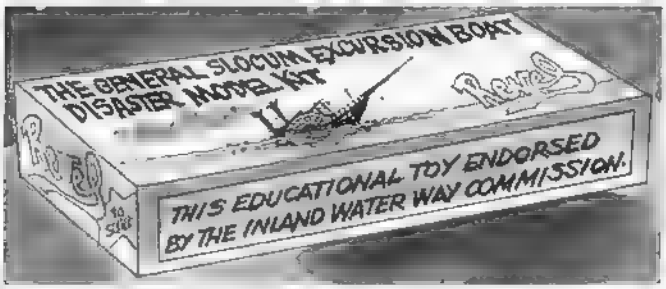
ITEM: Boomboom Terrace, Florida . . . Low bidding and subsequent waterproofed cardboard construction have been given as the prime reasons for the collapse of this entire suburb town . . .

ITEM: Ulan-Yak, Outer Mongolia . . . A group of travelers attacked by a swarm of rare, migrant, cotton locusts arrived in this remote city and were arrested for indecent exposure . . .

If you're looking for the Model Disaster, you'll find it in the REVEL line of

DISASTER KITS

THE GENERAL SLOCUM EXCURSION BOAT DISASTER KIT

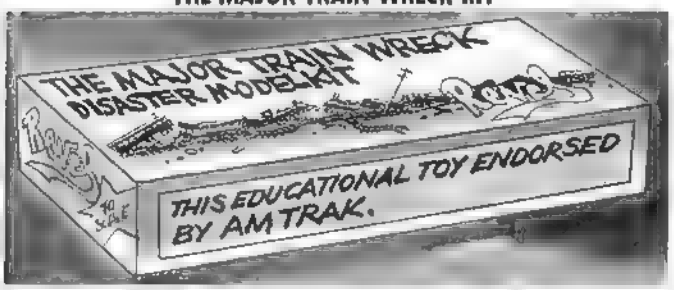


An accurate-in-every-wonderfully-horrible-detail antique replica of the half-submerged excursion boat that burned and sank on New York's famed East River in 1904. The young disasterite will note the complete lack of lifesaving equipment available and delight in the 878 miniature picnic baskets that gayly float away from the realistically charred wreck.

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING PLANE CRASH KIT

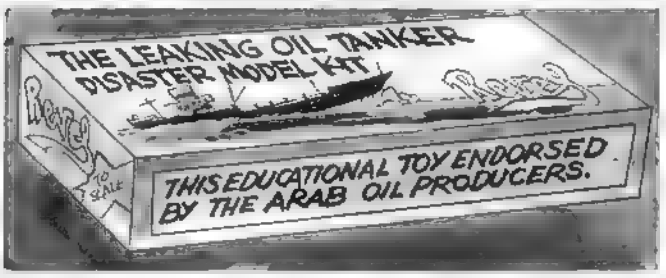
Movie buffs rejoice at the memory of King Kong climbing up to the tower of this famed edifice, but disaster buffs have their fond memories too. REVEL re-lives the "Summer of '45" with this kit of the US Army B-25 bomber that crashed into the 79th floor (N.W. corner), complete with snapping cables that send miniature elevators swooshing down to lobby!

THE MAJOR TRAIN WRECK KIT



Who said "Trains are safer than planes?" There have always been enough major train wrecks to keep the modes of transportation balanced, and this authentic kit—complete with ripped-up rails, telescoping passenger cars, exploded locomotives, etc.—will convince any disaster buff that there's plenty of fun to be had on the good old terror firma!

THE LEAKING OIL TANKER KIT



This highly educational model will automatically spring a leak the moment it comes in contact with water, spilling its crude oil contents into your bathtub or swimming pool so convincingly you'll want to do it again for each batch of friends and relatives that visit you. Model's spillage rids your drains of silverfish and every other live organism.

REVEL Models, Catastrophy, North Dakota

DEAR DISASTERMAN

This coming summer my husband will have a two-week vacation from the Nerve Gas factory. We both adore disasters and have bought a used, two ton camper to travel to your choice of the greatest disaster in the U.S.!

Where is it?

The Long Island Expressway any Friday afternoon!

Do you agree with the theory that the Hindenburg disaster had something to do with the extremely mild winters we've been having in southern New Jersey and by consequence the defeat of the legalized gambling bill?

Yes!

What with the supertankers destroying the beaches with spillages, and strip mining bringing nature's balance closer to disaster, where is the best place to go to observe dying wildlife?

Any "singles" bar!

Ever since we saw "The Poseidon Adventure," my husband and I have been taking cruises. Unfortunately, nothing disastrous has ever happened, except for that brazen 21-year-old girl who showed up for the lifeboat drill wearing nothing but her Mae West and loop earrings.

Not for her! She caught the attention of a very rich doctor and was married before they reached port!

Of all the aquatic disasters in history, which would you say was the worst?

Watergate!

Recently I registered an alarming "16" on my Richter scale. What should I do?

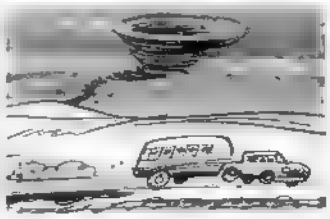
Consult a doctor! He'll probably suggest that you lose some weight!!!

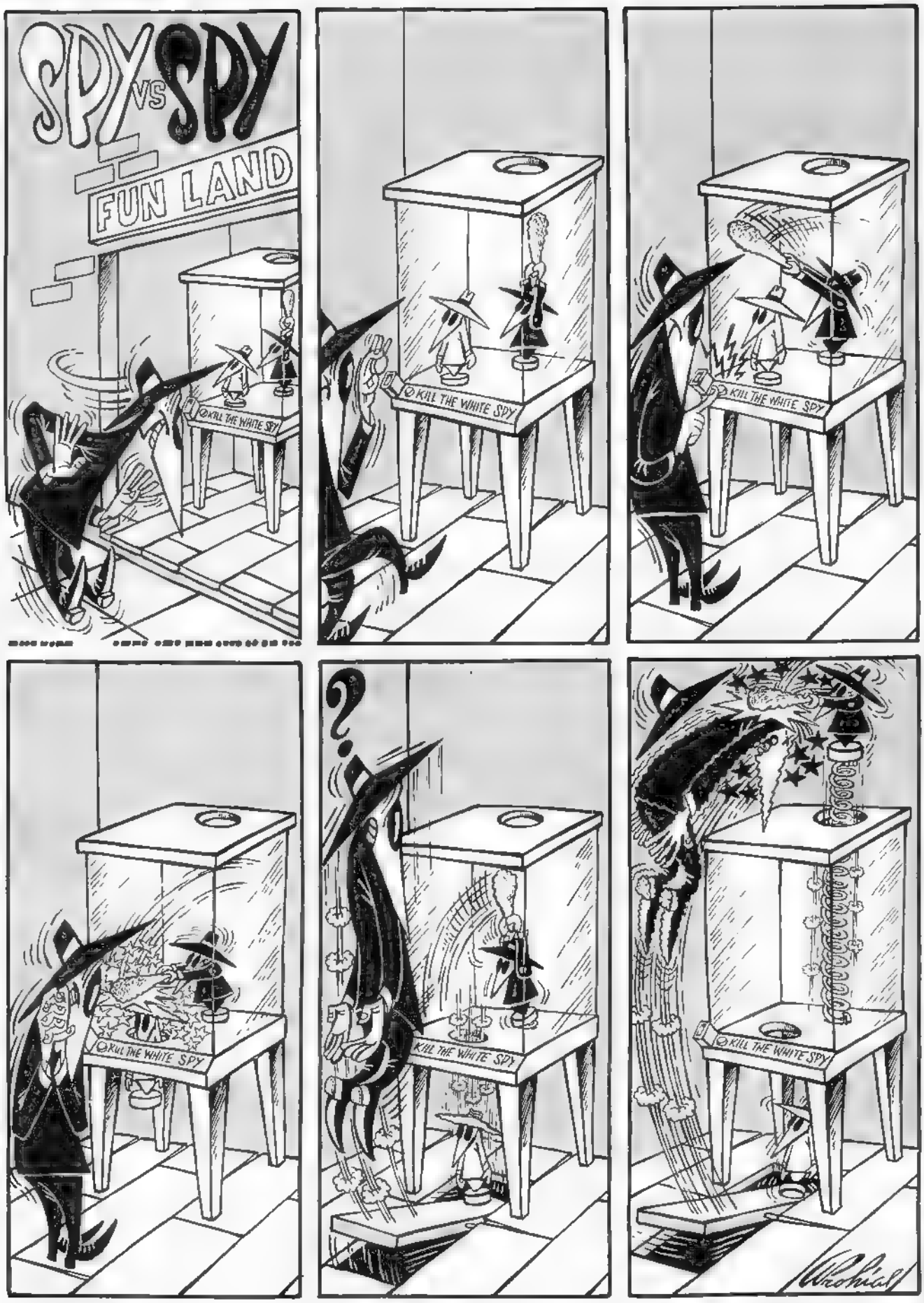
FLICKS IN REVIEW

BLAZING CATTLES Another classic by comedy genius Mel Kaminsky, this new look at the old west makes wonderful use of natural disasters—lightning flashes that cause longhorns to stampede, prairie fires that ravage Indian villages, etc. The "cattle grazing scene" and what follows may be in bad taste, but you bust your sides laughing as you shrink in your seat.

THAT'S ENTERTAINING DISASTERS Two hours of clips made up of old newsreels and TV footage of typhoons, twisters, earthquakes, dam burstings, and floods highlight this nostalgic romp. And if those disasters aren't brutal enough for you, wait'll you get a look at the way some of your old favorite disaster survivors look today!

ALICE DOESN'T STRIKE HERE ANYMORE Having had their home demolished three times by hurricanes, the Beckers pack it all in for a mobile home and move west. Although the pic ends on a calm note, the hint of a twister in the background convinces this reviewer that producer/director Chris Ishii has a "Part II" in his plans.




SPY vs SPY
FUN LAND
KILL THE WHITE SPY
KILL THE WHITE SPY
KILL THE WHITE SPY
KILL THE WHITE SPY
?
KILL THE WHITE SPY
KILL THE WHITE SPY

QUIT WHILE YOU'RE BEHIND DEPT.

WH WO THA

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

... a teacher droning on and on for a whole period?

A teacher not saying a word for a whole period!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

... listening to the kids bang around and make noise?

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

... having to work on a Holiday?

Having a Holiday off and being sick!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

... losing a contact lens?

Finding it unexpectedly!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

... no letter from home?

AT'S RSE N...?

WRITER: ALIS ELLIS

Nothing but silence . . . and you know they're up there!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

. . . being sent down to the Principal's office alone?

Being in the Principal's office with your Parents!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

. . . making a costly mistake?

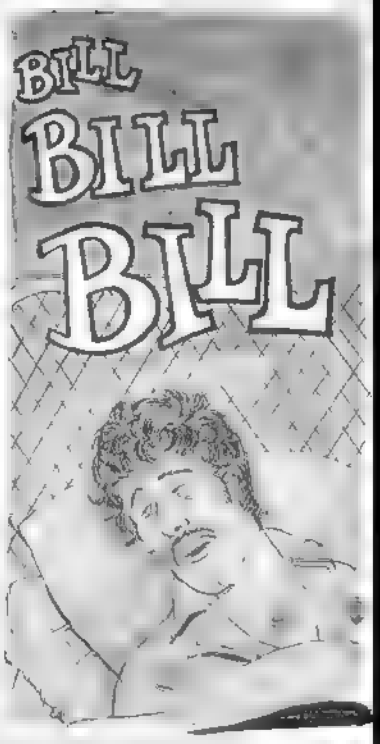
Having someone else find it before you can correct it!

A letter from home with no check!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

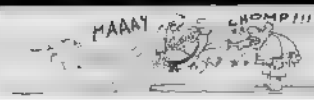
. . . bringing lunch to school?

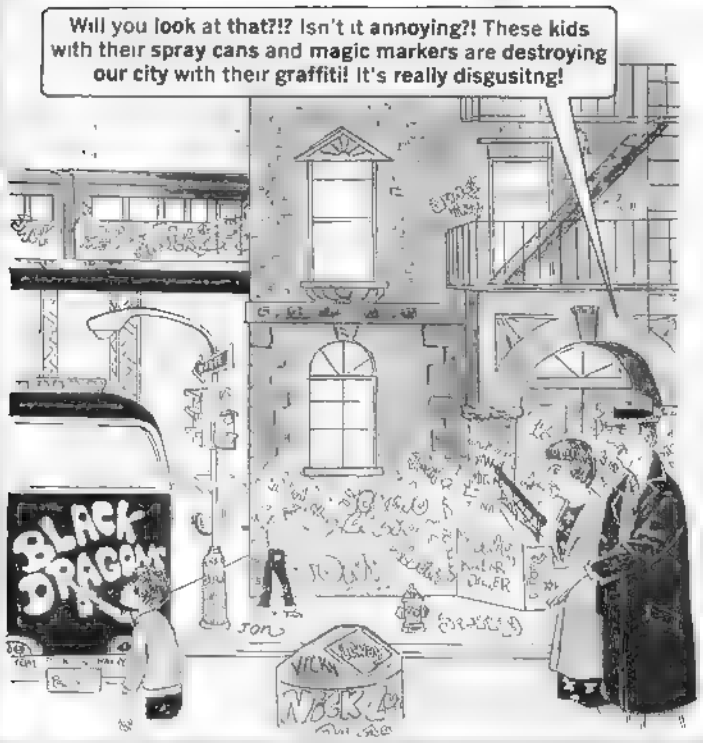
Buying it in the cafeteria!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... ANNO





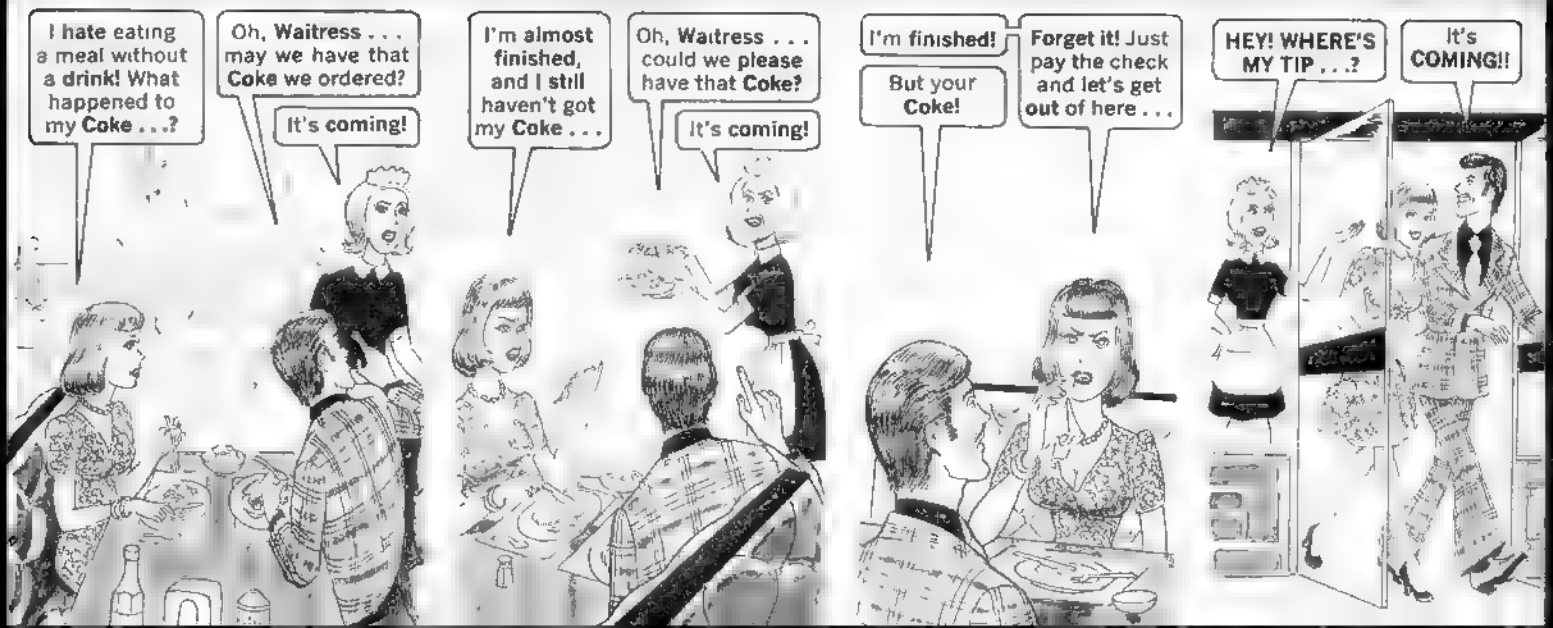
YANCES

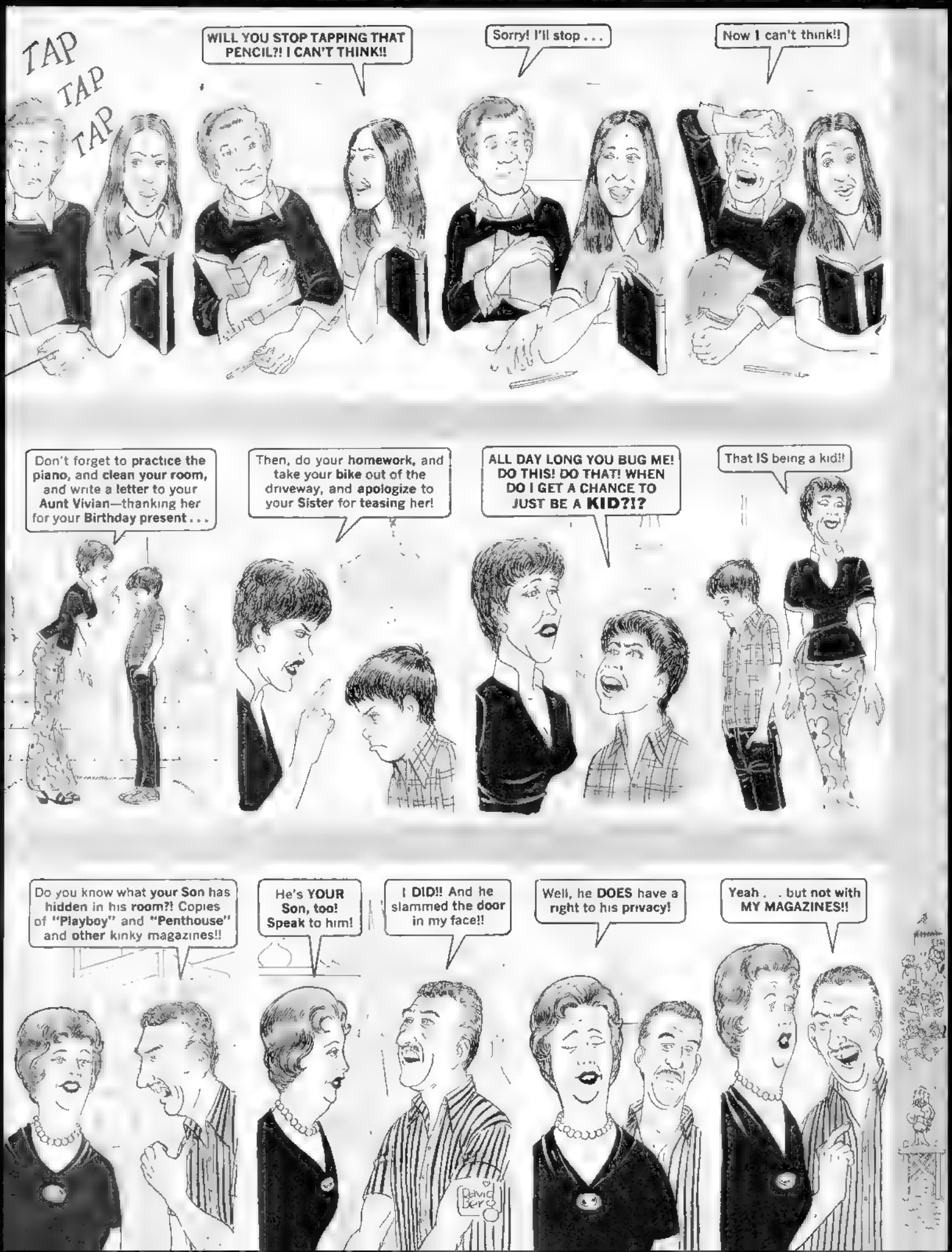
ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

RING RING RING
WILL SOMEBODY ANSWER THAT BLASTED PHONE?! THE CONSTANT RINGING IS ABSOLUTELY MADDENING!!
Okay! Okay! I'll get it—
RING
Well, at least the ringing has stopped! They hung up!
What?!? You mean you don't know who it was?!
That's even MORE maddening!
I wonder if the mail came yet! I'm sweating out a particular letter . . .!
What's so special about it?
I applied for a job and I went to great pains to carefully type out my resumé to show them how efficient I am! Now, I'm waiting for an answer . . .!
Okay, if it means that much to you, I'll go see if the mail came yet!
You know that correspondence you're so concerned about? I have it . . . right here . . .
Great! What does it say?
"RETURN TO SENDER FOR POSTAGE DUE"!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PAL! THIS IS A STICK-UP! LET'S HAVE THE DAY'S RECEIPTS YOU GOT IN THAT BAG . . .
CLOSED
Okay! Okay! Here! Take it! Just . . . don't shoot . . .!!
Hey, Baby! I got it! Bread! Lots of bread!!
How much?
. uh one loaf!

I notice you've been staring at that painting!
I couldn't take my eyes off it all evening!
That painting is the most amateurish piece of junk I ever saw! How could you LIE like that?
I didn't lie! I told the absolute truth!
All I said was, "I couldn't take my eyes off it all evening!" And that was NO LIE!!
Well, what was so fascinating about it?
It bugged me no end! it was hung crooked . . .

Excuse me . . . Pardon me . . . May I pass . . .
Aw, nuts!! Right at the climax of the picture!!
OUCH!!
Sorry . . .
We missed the big final scene! Now, we don't know who the KILLER is!
I know who it is . . .!
HIM!! He killed the whole movie for us!!
The End


I hate eating a meal without a drink! What happened to my Coke . . .?
Oh, Waitress . . . may we have that Coke we ordered?
It's coming!
I'm almost finished, and I still haven't got my Coke . . .
Oh, Waitress . . . could we please have that Coke?
It's coming!
I'm finished!
But your Coke!
Forget it! Just pay the check and let's get out of here . . .
HEY! WHERE'S MY TIP . . .?
It's COMING!!


TAP
TAP
TAP
WILL YOU STOP TAPPING THAT PENCIL?! I CAN'T THINK!!
Sorry! I'll stop . . .
Now I can't think!!
Don't forget to practice the piano, and clean your room, and write a letter to your Aunt Vivian—thanking her for your Birthday present . . .
Then, do your homework, and take your bike out of the driveway, and apologize to your Sister for teasing her!
ALL DAY LONG YOU BUG ME! DO THIS! DO THAT! WHEN DO I GET A CHANCE TO JUST BE A KID?!?
That IS being a kid!!
Do you know what your Son has hidden in his room?! Copies of "Playboy" and "Penthouse" and other kinky magazines!!
He's YOUR Son, too! Speak to him!
I DID!! And he slammed the door in my face!!
Well, he DOES have a right to his privacy!
Yeah . . but not with MY MAGAZINES!!
David Berg

DOCKET TO 'EM DEPT.

Have you ever wished that you could do something more than just daydream about "fighting the system"? Wouldn't you just love to drag some of those big, arrogant institutions into court and make them pay for all the incompetence, indifference and indignities they've heaped upon you over the years? Well, your opportunity is here! Because the newest legal fad sweeping the country is the "Class Action Suit." To file one, all you need do is to round up a few hundred other victims that are as hopping mad as you are, hire an attorney to file the legal briefs, and gain satisfaction and self-respect by participating in these

LAWSUITS We'd Like To See

WRITER: TOM KOCH ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Civil Court Number 1 Lubbock, Texas

THE PEOPLE OF THE GREYHOUND BUS STATION WAITING ROOM

(As Plaintiff)

versus

THE PEERLESS VENDING MACHINE COMPANY

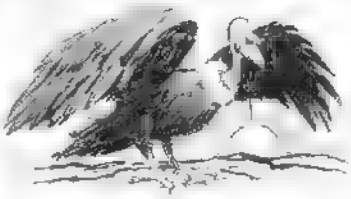
(As Defendant)

The formal charge as herein detailed: Eagerly grabbing coins and failing to give anything back.

WHEREAS the plaintiffs, have, in good faith, poured all available pocket change into defendant's vending machines for desired purchases of dry candy bars, damp crackers and chocolate cookies with white stuff in between, and

WHEREAS said vending machines habitually have failed to dispense anything in return except the faint clicking sound of coins being irretrievably lost,

NOW, THEREFORE, the plaintiffs demand that all money deposited be refunded in full, together with compensation for mental cruelty in the amount of $1.00 for each quarter maliciously grabbed.



The
Superior Court
of the
Inferior District
of
Florida

THE WIPED OUT
INVESTORS OF
SUNNY RETIREMENT HAVEN
seeking judgment against
MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH, INC.

The Charge against the Accused:
Remaining bullish on America while
the Dow-Jones Industrial Average
dropped from 1051 to 723.

As evidenced by the defendant's flagrant, annoying and totally irrelevant depiction of stampeding cattle on TV for the purpose of dispensing the film's crock of bullishness, and

As evidenced by the defendant's strongly implied promise that the stock market would start surging by tomorrow at the latest, and

As evidenced by the defendant's failure to realize that wild inflation, critical energy shortages and economic recessions seldom make stock prices go up,

The plaintiffs find just cause for becoming upset, and do demand that all executives of the defendant company be taken to a public place and flogged unmercifully with rolled up Consolidated Edison stock certificates.

The Unreformed
Court System
of the
Borough of
Manhattan

THE BROWBEATEN
CITIZENRY OF
NEW YORK
in outraged class
action against
THE CONSPIRING
TAXI COMPANIES
OF NEW YORK

The charge as detailed
hereinafter: Wontonly
pulling 80% of all cabs
off the streets during
inclement weather.

THE PAINTIFFS, having endured grievous head colds, drenched garments and humiliating putdowns, do hereby charge that

THE DEFENDANTS look forward to blizzards, cloudbursts, hurricanes, monsoons and similar natural catastrophes with childlike glee, and that

SAID DEFENDANTS do utilize such lousy weather to dispatch their cabs to company garages for lube jobs, oil changes, engine overhauls, etc., which are performed until the sun reappears or until next spring, whichever comes last.

THE PLAINTIFFS, therefore, demand monetary compensation equal to the amount of all tips grudgingly forked over to surly cab drivers since they first became surly in 1905.

The Federal Court of Whimpered Appeals Sixth District

THE BELEAGUERED LETTER WRITERS OF THE UNITED STATES

versus

THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

Charges Brought Forth 193,277,826 counts of steadily increasing rates accompanied by steadily decreasing service.

THE PLAINTIFFS do hereby seek damages for each and all of the following acts of aggravation perpetuated by the DEFENDANT:

1. Slowing down delivery by pausing to stamp each letter with the slogan, "Zip Codes Speed the Mail."
2. Doubling the old postal rates simply because all mail is now held in protective custody for twice as long.
3. Insuring long lines at post offices by keeping 75% of all service windows closed during business hours.
4. Giving top priority to efficient delivery of ads from shady insurance companies, campaign literature from minor candidates, unwanted book club selections and unexplainable catalogues from pornography dealers.

Supreme Court of Hollywood

Merv Griffin's Joke Writer Presiding

CHUCKIE BOXELDER GERTRUDE SCHWOT, ET. AL.

versus

THE MONOPOLISTIC TV NETWORKS OF AMERICA

Named Defendants Charged With: Deliberately scheduling the only three good shows of the week so that they all come on at the SAME TIME.

WHEREAS the plaintiffs consist of 85,000,000 TV viewers who have faithfully watched "Let's Make a Deal," "The Brian Keith Show," "The New Dating Game" and countless reruns of "Here's Lucy," and

WHEREAS said programs have resulted in various forms of audience nausea, including violent retching, and

WHEREAS the money grubbing brass of the TV networks maliciously hold back their only shows worth watching until such time as they can be aired opposite each other,

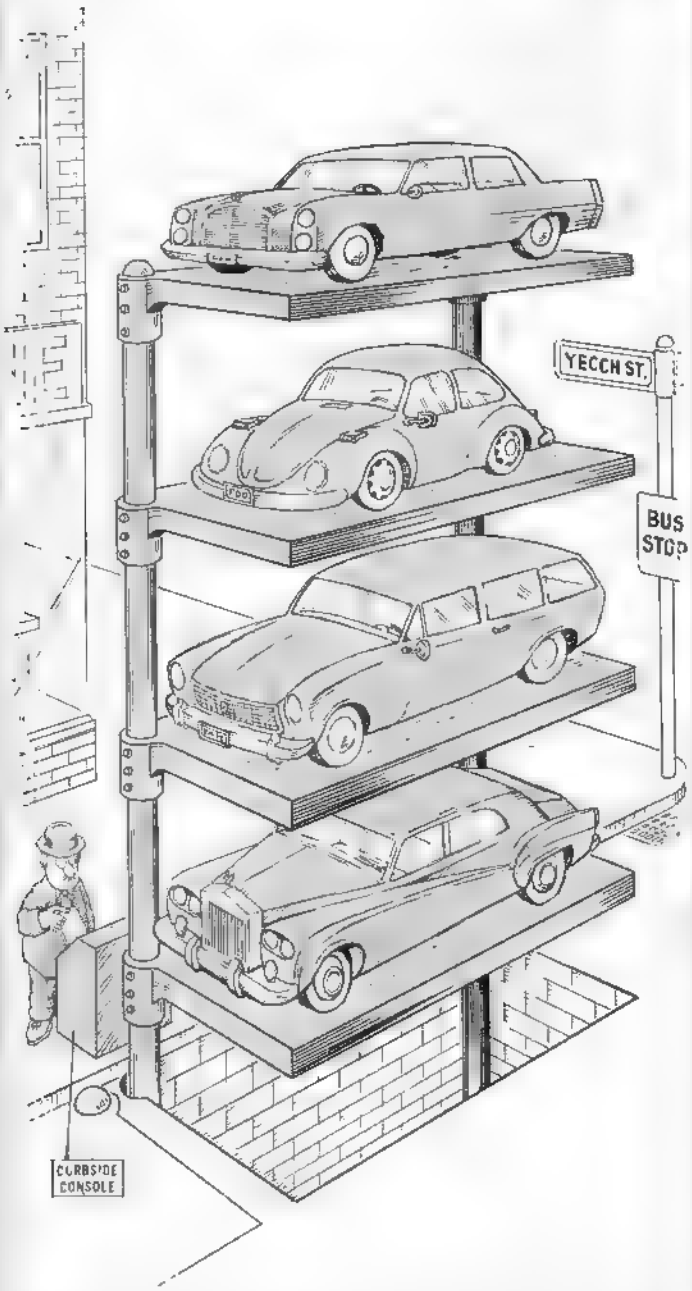
NOW, THEREFORE, the plaintiffs accuse said network brass of high crimes against humanity, and demand that all TV officials in charge of program scheduling be sentenced to ten years of continual viewing of "The Price Is Right."

AUTO-SUGGESTIONS DEPT.

One of the nice things that happened during the recent gasoline shortage was the virtual disappearance of "Big City Parking Problems." But now that gas is back, so are the problems.

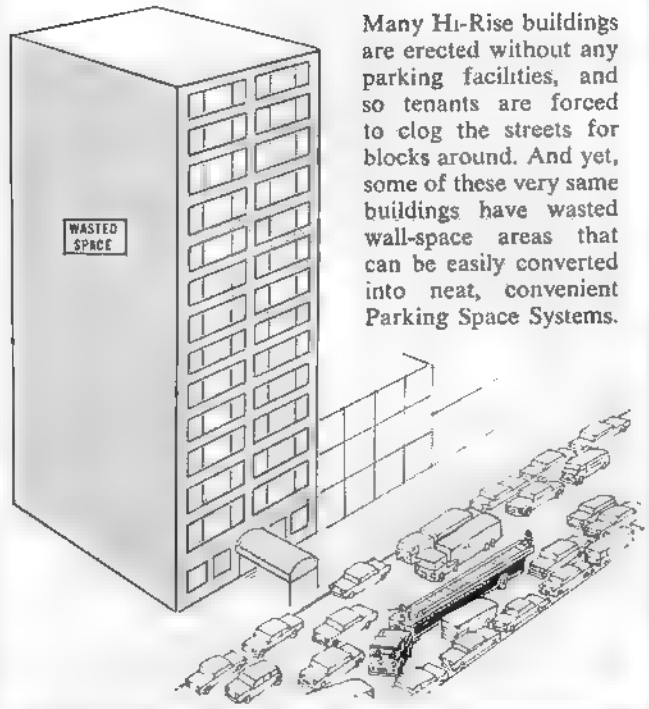
MAD SOLUTIONS TO BIG CITY PARKING

CURBSIDE MULTI-LEVEL PARKING ELEVATOR FACILITY

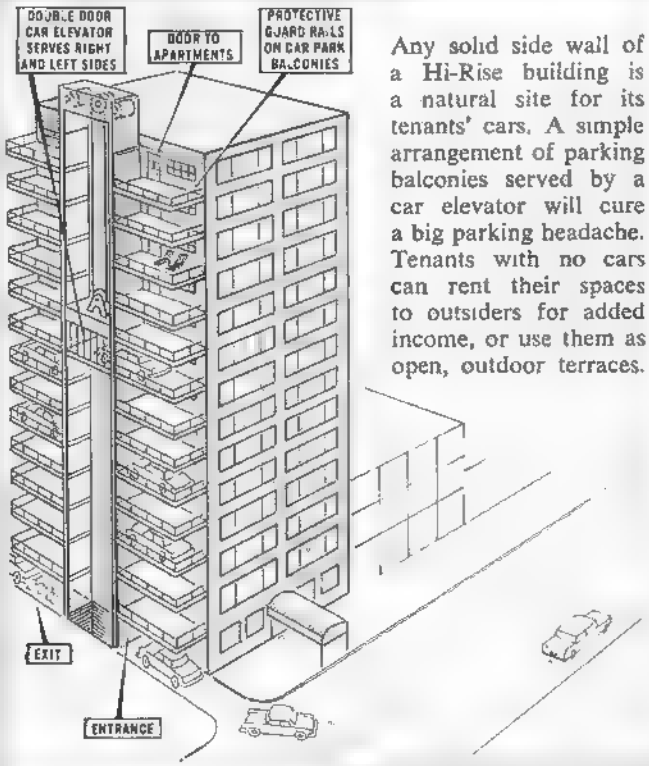


Weight of car parked on empty platform releases Computer Punchcard at Curbside Console, and elevator rises from pit to surface next empty parking platform. When multi-level facility is full, last car remains at street surface. To retrieve car, Driver merely inserts his Punchcard into the Console, and proper elevator platform returns to street level. Can be set for "Free" or "Pay" operation, in which case, insertion of coins into Console releases Punchcard.

HI-RISE WALL-SPACE-UTILIZATION PARKING SYSTEM



Many Hi-Rise buildings are erected without any parking facilities, and so tenants are forced to clog the streets for blocks around. And yet, some of these very same buildings have wasted wall-space areas that can be easily converted into neat, convenient Parking Space Systems.



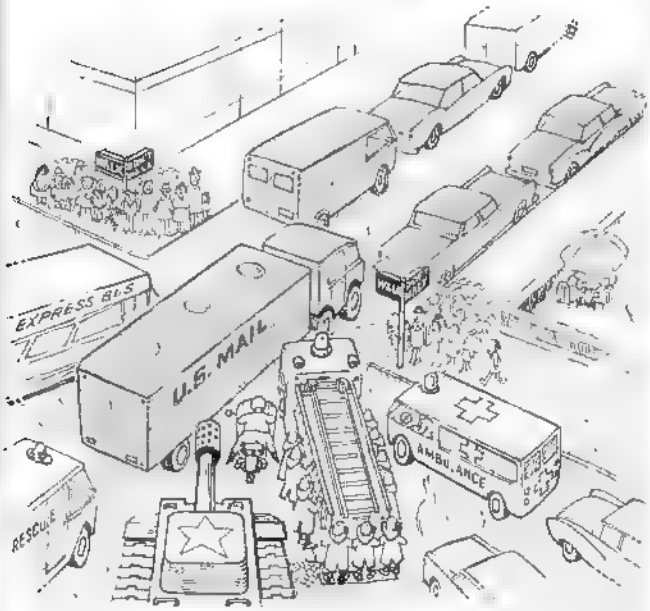
Any solid side wall of a Hi-Rise building is a natural site for its tenants' cars. A simple arrangement of parking balconies served by a car elevator will cure a big parking headache. Tenants with no cars can rent their spaces to outsiders for added income, or use them as open, outdoor terraces.

And since we believe that the American Way of Life is inexorably linked to the Automobile, the Parking Problem will always be with us unless we do something about it. Like these

PROBLEMS

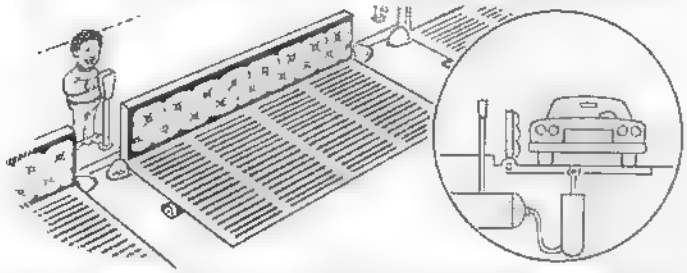
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SOLUTION

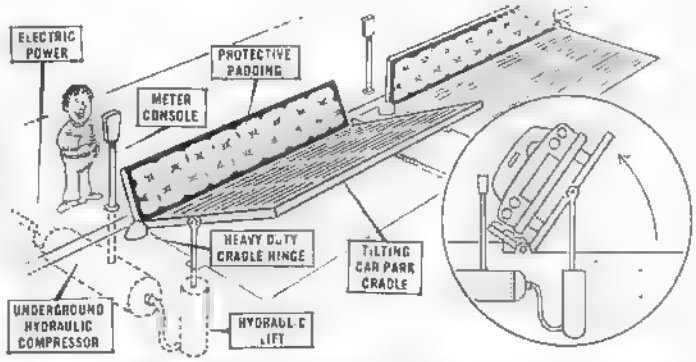


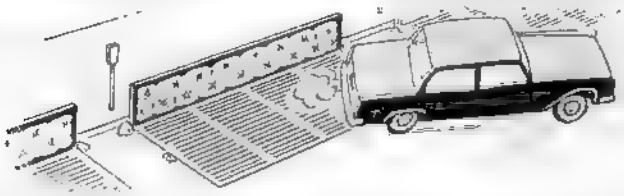
Many old city streets are too narrow for today's heavy traffic. Daily snarls can cause impossibly long traffic jam-ups, accidents and frayed nerves.

HOW THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SYSTEM WORKS:

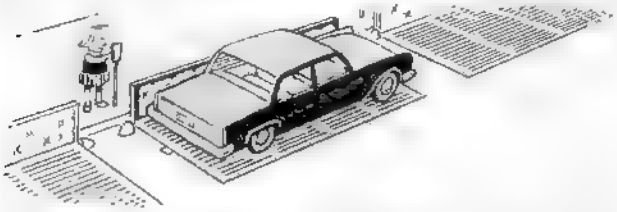


(1) Coin-operated meter/console raises and lowers parking cradle

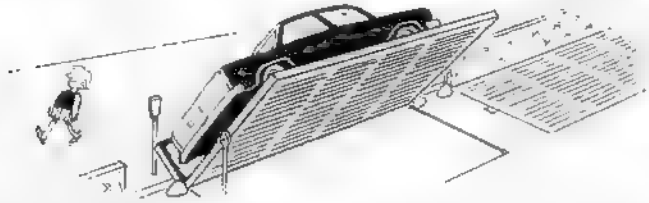




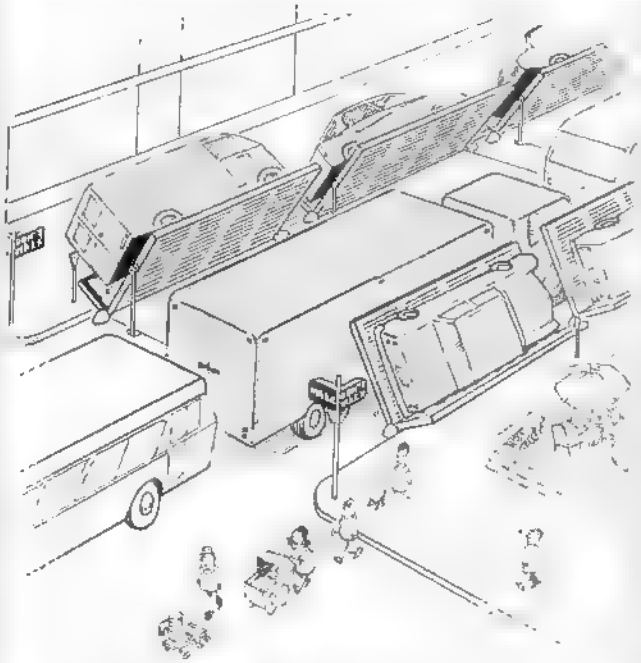
(2) Driver approaches and parks car onto cradle in usual manner.



(3) Driver exits from car and activates meter with proper coin.

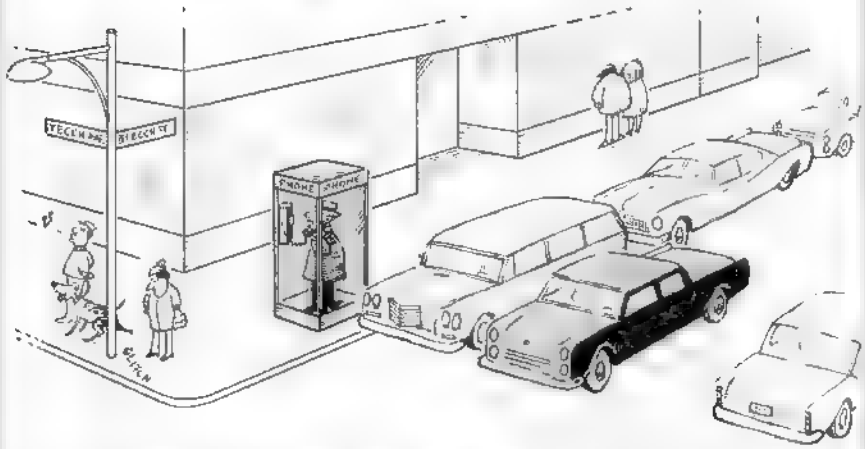


(4) Hydraulic mechanism lifts cradle, tilting car out of the way of traffic. Padded cushioned retaining wall protects car finish.

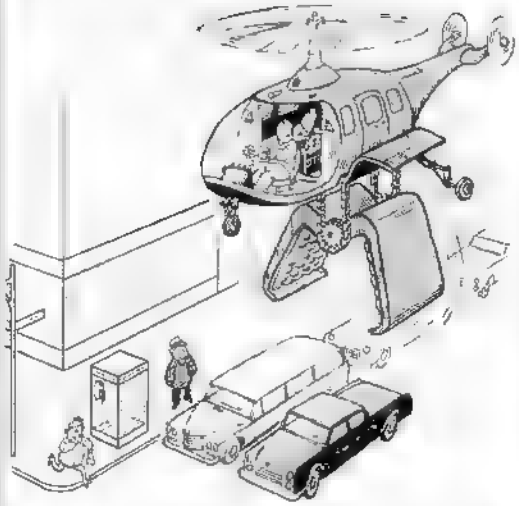


(5) Tilted parked cars open streets up for smooth flow of traffic. To retrieve car, driver merely waits for break in traffic to lower his car again.

THE RAPID PICK-UP AND DELIVERY HELICOPTER PARKING SYSTEM



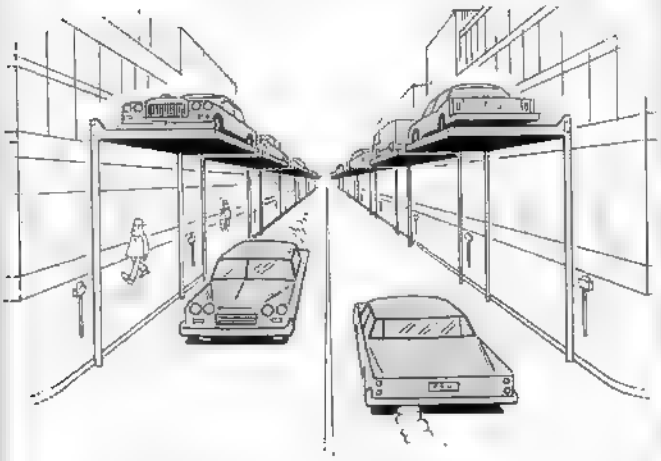
A driver subscribing to this service merely stops at any convenient phone booth and calls the special audio operator who contacts one of the several giant helicopters hovering over the city. After giving his exact location



. . . driver only has to wait a few minutes before a chopper descends and grasps his car in its safe, padded hydraulic claws

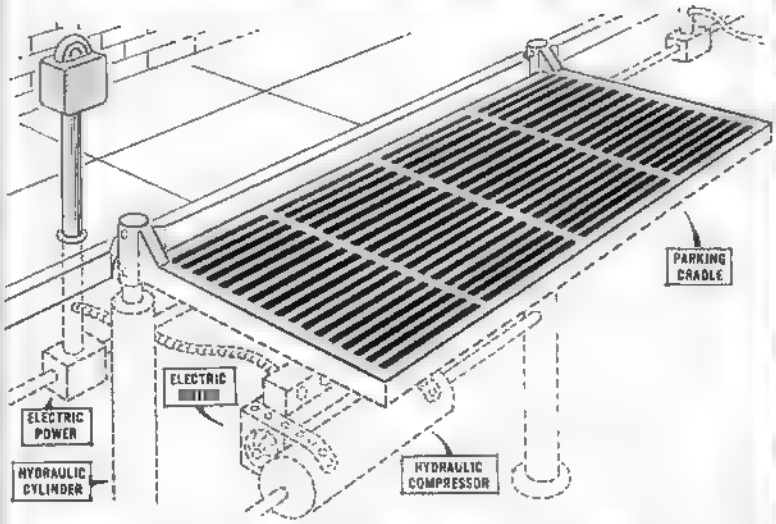
. . . lifts its precious cargo high above the city, and flies it to some deserted rural area where it is parked and its location marked. Then, when driver calls in again, his car is quickly picked up and returned to where he is.

THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER SYSTEM



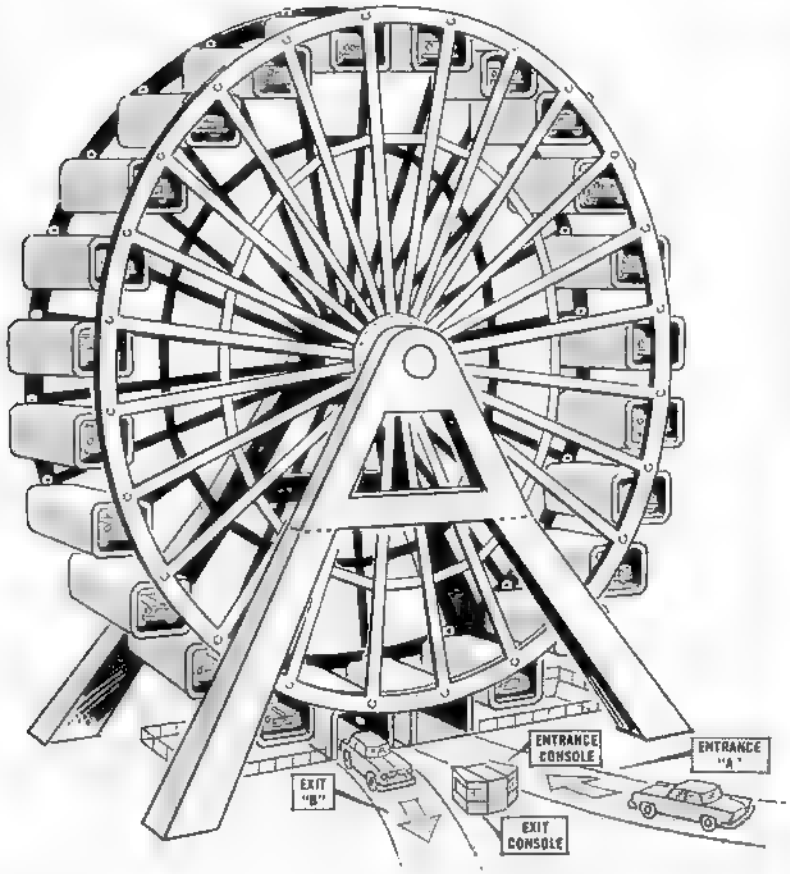
On city streets, where parking is banned because every lane from curb to curb is needed for heavy moving traffic, this system restores the equally-needed but lost parking spaces.

HOW THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER WORKS



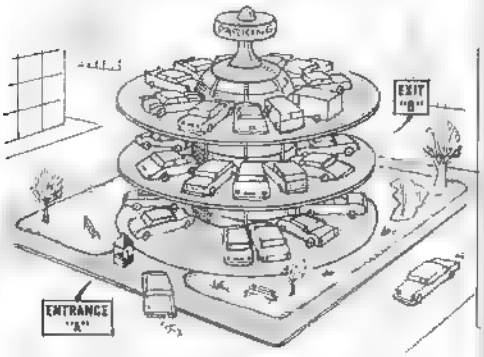
(1) Parking cradle at curbside is firmly attached to its own meter-activated underground hydraulic hoist mechanism.

THE AUTOMATED FERRIS WHEEL RAPID PARKING FACILITY

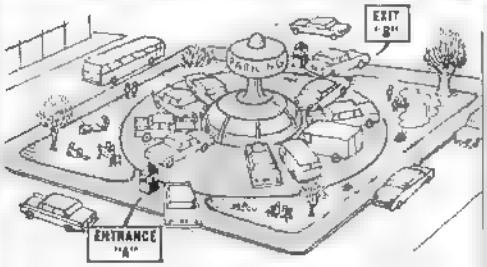


Occupying the space of only six surface-parked cars, the Automated Ferris Wheel Rapid Parking Facility provides parking for twenty-four cars, and its operation is fast and simple. Driver enters at "A" and takes a Computer Punchcard from Entrance Console. This instantly brings an empty space down to him. He parks and leaves. Elapsed time: 30 seconds. To retrieve car, he goes to "B" and inserts Punchcard with proper coins into Exit Console. The Ferris Wheel spins car to him and he drives off. Elapsed time: 30 seconds.

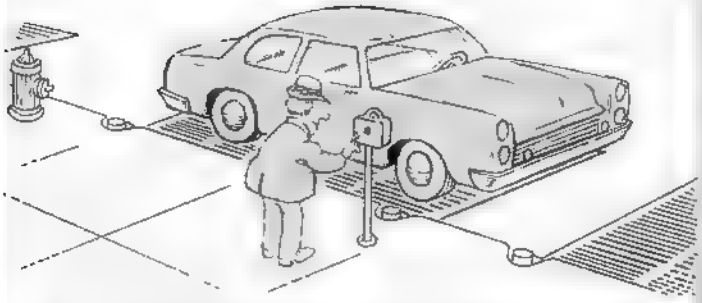
THE MULTI-LEVELED LAZY SUSAN HIGH-SPEED PARKING FACILITY



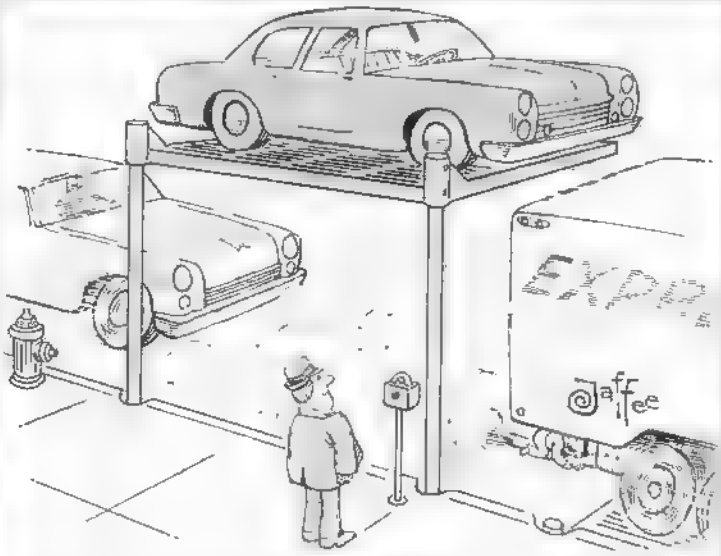
Lazy Susan facility is totally automated and computerized for fast and economical operation. When car enters at "A" and driver removes Punchcard, computer signals for an empty space. Instantly, the Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the space.



To leave, customer merely inserts his Punchcard into Exit Console "B" with proper coins. Again, Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the car instantly. Thus, what was once an ugly parking lot for a handful of cars is now a fast, efficient facility for ten times as many with the added beauty of lovely mini-parks at all four corners.



(2) After Driver parks his car on the cradle, he deposits the proper coins into the meter which activates the hoist.



(3) The car is lifted aloft instantly, leaving the space below free for heavy traffic to flow easily beneath it.

COMMON CENSOR DEPT.

In recent years pollution has been on everybody's mind. Which may be why so many of us have dirty minds. But while we've at least managed to cut down a bit on smog, factory smoke, and industrial wastes in our waterways, nobody has yet found a cure for one of the strangest, most prevalent forms of pollution in history—graffiti. Everywhere you look—in rest rooms, subways, on building walls—you see those same stupid, usually obscene messages scrawled. And nobody seems to know

MAD'S "NICE

HAPPY

Here I sit ~~broken~~ hearted,
~~paid my dime and only~~

TALKS ON MIDEAST PEACE HAVE STARTED

PRESIDENT FORD'S SUC~~C~~CESS

CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO HONESTY, DECENCY AND A STRONG BELIEF IN DEMOCRACY

GOD BLESS AMERICA!

LOOKING FOR THE TIME?
~~OF YOUR LIFE?~~ CALL ME 7/1212
~~WANDA 555 5310~~

PLEASE THE WEATHER? WE 6/1212

~~Don't~~ ALL throw cigarette butts in our bowls –
~~We don't ... in your ashtrays!~~

THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH – AND WE'D HATE TO LOSE A NICE PERSON LIKE YOU!

FOR A FANTASTIC ~~[illegible]~~ JOB, SEE ~~CLARA AT BRUZO'S MESSAGE PARLOR~~
TO IT THAT YOU FINISH YOUR EDUCATION.

NO MATTER HOW YOU SHAKE AND YOU DANCE,
~~THE LAST DROP ALWAYS FALLS IN YOUR PANTS~~
YOU'LL NEVER BE OUT OF STEP TO AN ELTON JOHN NUMBER.

what to do about it. Why not uplift it? Why not make graffiti more positive, more inspiring? Let graffiti help people improve themselves and the world they live in! And here's how it can be done: Instead of trying to erase or rub out wall garbage, simply rewrite it so that it says something worthwhile. For instance, here is a typical rest room wall with its typical obscene scrawls. But notice how much better and heart-warming it is after we rework it with a marking pencil and turn it into...

"GRAFFITI

ARTIST:
BOB CLARKE
WRITER:
LARRY SIEGEL

THIS IS A TEEPEE. – IS IT ANY WONDER MANY OF US WOULD LIKE TO FIND BETTER HOUSING FOR AMERICAN INDIANS?
~~FOR YOU TO PEE IN~~
~~NOT A WIGWAM~~
~~TO BEAT YOUR TOM TOM~~

STAND ~~CLOSE~~
UP FOR AMERICA
STOP
COMMUNISM!
~~BRAGGING!~~

OUR AIM IS TO KEEP
AMERICA STRONG
~~THIS BATHROOM CLEAN~~

Man's ambition must be ~~small~~ directed
~~to write his name on a [illegible] wall~~
toward improving the plight
of the disadvantaged!

VOTE
YOUR ~~AIM~~ WILL HELP

IN CASE OF ATOMIC ATTACK
~~DUCK UNDER THIS URINAL~~
~~(IF IT HASN'T BEEN HIT YET.)~~

WE SHOULD CANCEL OUR GRAIN EXPORTS TO RUSSIA, HAVE HENRY KISSENGER SEND BREHZNEV A VERY STRONG LETTER, AND EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT JUST FINE!

SAVE AMERICAN
~~want the~~ WILD~~LIFE~~
~~night of your~~ LIFE?
smokey ~~pot and shroot dope~~
says: ~~at ANGIE'S PLACE~~
"ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT
FOREST FIRES!"

THAT'S SHOE BIZ DEPT.

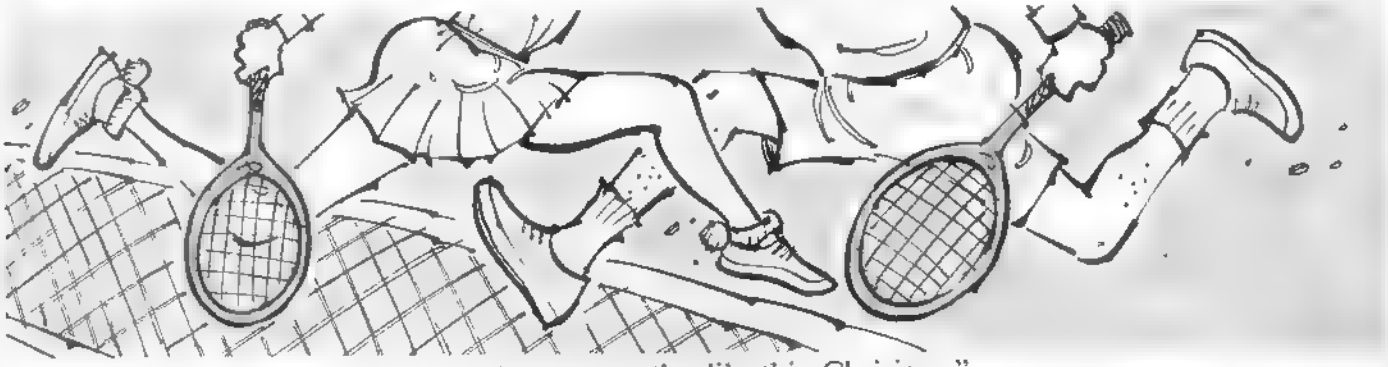
FOOTNOTES* TO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

*"I could have had a **banana** . . . or a **plum** . . . or a **pear** . . . or an **orange** . . ."

*"I take it, Bess, that you **no longer** is my woman!"

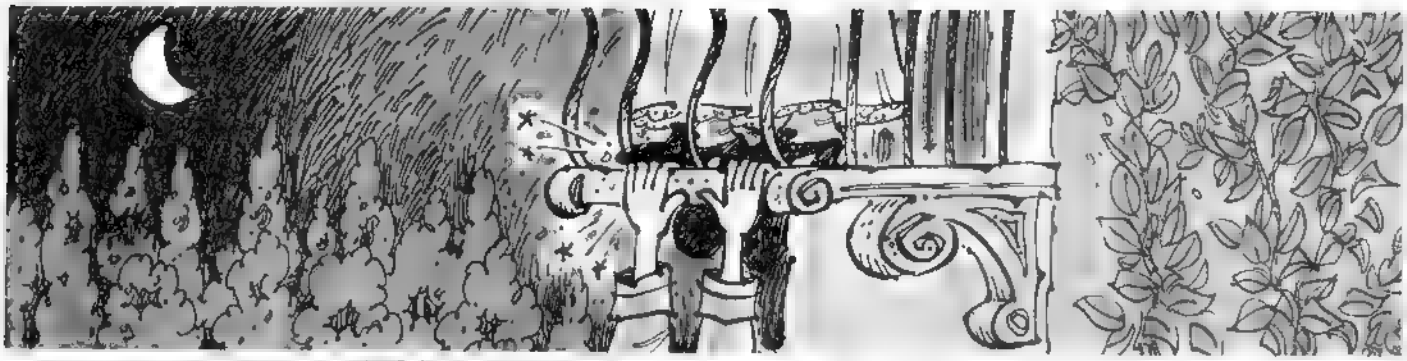
*"Zis issn't much uff a **honeymoon** for you, Eva . . . mein liebchen!"



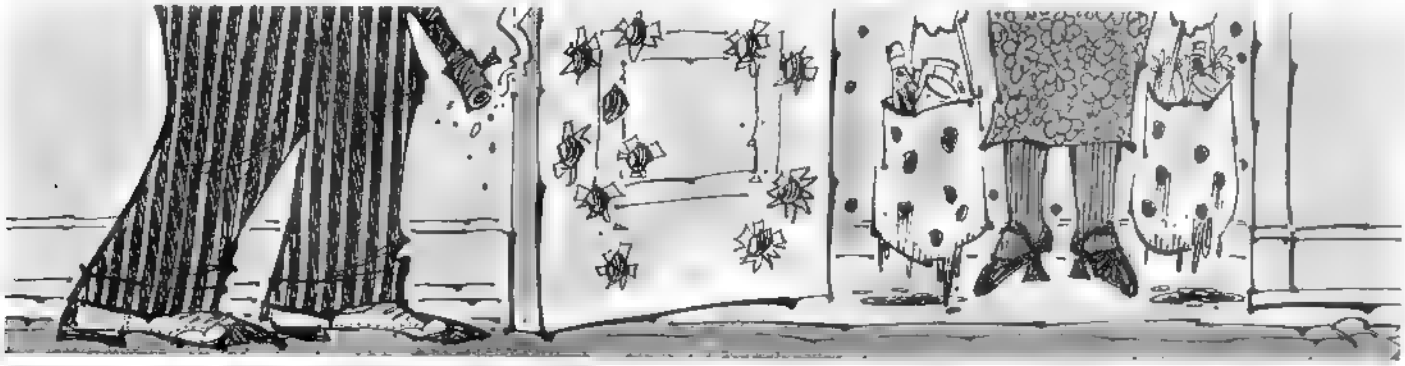
*"We can't go on **meeting** like this, Chrisie . . ."

GREAT LOVERS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

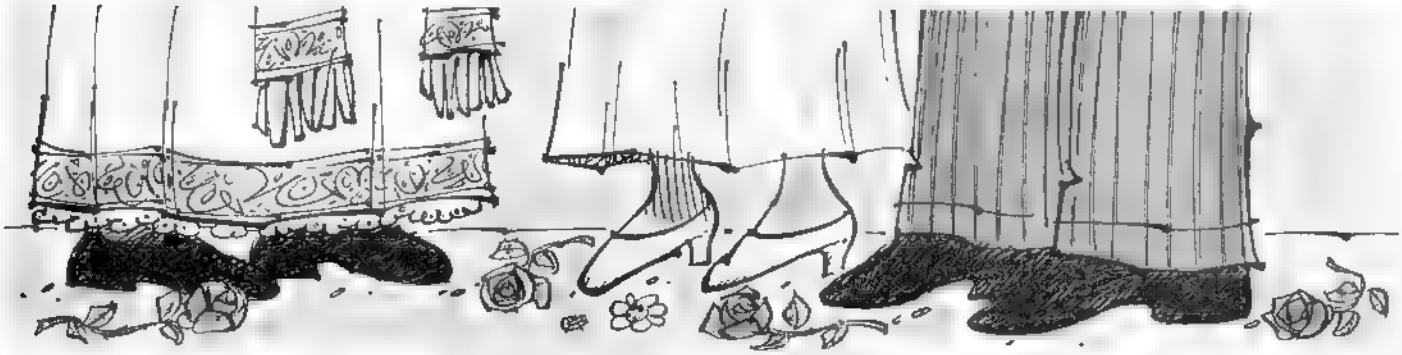


*"O Romeo, Romeo . . . **wherefore art thou,** Romeo?"



*"Take it **easy,** Clyde, baby . . . it's only **me** . . . **Bonnie!**"

*"You, **Jane!** Me, **Tarzan** . . . and **Cheetah** . . . and **Simba** . . . and **Tontor** . . . and . . . !"



*"Do you, Dick, **re-take** Liz . . . ?"

SUM OF THESE DAYS DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT

OLD MATH vs. NEW MATH

OLD MATH
Black + White = Gray
NEW MATH
Black + White ÷ Prejudice = Bloodshed

• • • •

OLD MATH
Man − Money = Going Without Necessities
NEW MATH
Man − Money + Credit Cards = Shopping Spree

• • • •

OLD MATH
Teachers + Schools = Classes
NEW MATH
Teachers + Schools + Unions + Strikes = No Classes

• • • •

OLD MATH
Man + Drugs + Dedication = Family Physician
NEW MATH
Man + Drugs − Scruples = Neighborhood Pusher

• • • •

OLD MATH
Parents + Children = Family
NEW MATH
Parents + Children = Generation Gap

• • • •

OLD MATH
Young Lady + Wired, Padded Bras = Sex Object
NEW MATH
Young Lady − Bra = Sex Object

• • • •

OLD MATH
Husband + Wife + Another Woman = Divorce
NEW MATH
Husband + Wife + Another Woman + Another Man = Group Sex

• • • •

OLD MATH
Shopper + $40 = Week's Food For Family Of 5 + Trading Stamps + Change
NEW MATH
Shopper + $40 = Day's Food For 2 People + Dog

• • • •

OLD MATH
Small Boys + Broomstick + Rubber Ball = Happy Sandlot Baseball Players
NEW MATH
Small Boys + Bats + Hard Balls + Uniforms + Coaches + Pushy, Competitive Parents = Pressured Little League Baseball Players

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: MARYLIN D'AMICO

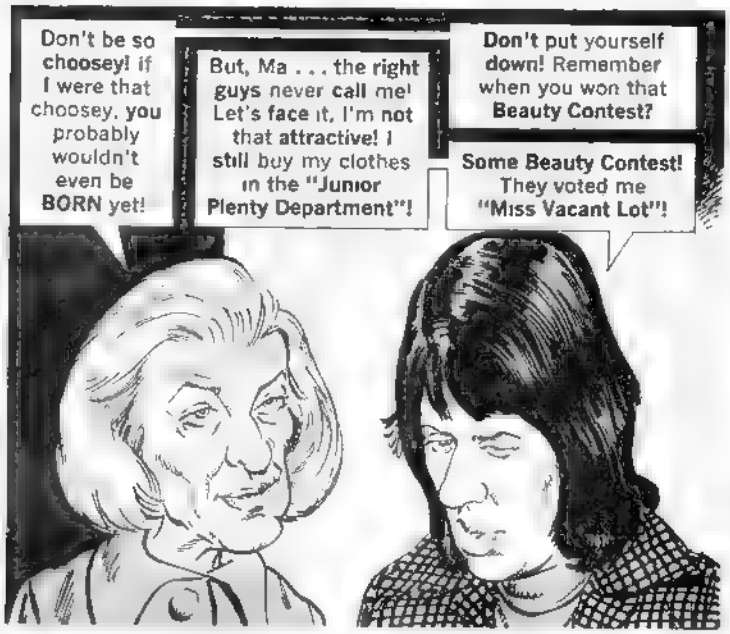
Hi! My name is **Rhota Rooterstein!** I tell people I was born in the Bronx in 1941—but actually I was **created** by **Mary Tailor-Made Productions!** They moved me to **Minneapolis,** where I played the best friend of a beautiful girl who worked in a News Room! I was a **fat, shlumpy girl** who TV audiences could **relate** to! Now, I'm the **star** of my **own show!** I **look great,** I'm **liberated** and I'm a very **put-together "with it" married woman!** But somehow, I'm not as **funny** as I used to be! Anyway, I'm back in New York, as if this city hasn't got **enough** troubles! New York . . . here's your last chance to laugh at . .

RHOTA

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Yeah! You USED to be Jewish! They toned you down! Now, you're somewhere between Elizabeth Montgomery and Sandy Duncan!
I also used to be the funniest girl on my series! That's changed, too! God, how I miss it!
Look at this! I came here depressed . . . and now I've gotta cheer YOU up!
So how did your Blind Date go tonight?
I got another one of those guys with a weird fetish! This one likes to fondle kneecaps!
What's wrong with that?
His OWN . . .?!
Didn't he like you?
What do you mean?
I'm not sure! He kept complimenting me, but he never finished the sentence . . .!
He kept saying I was built like a BRICK . . .!
I tell you . . . the hilarity that goes on here every week is priceless! If only these walls could talk . . .!
Hi, there! This is Drunken . . . your Doorman!
And they're usually a lot funnier than your Husband!
There's a tall soft-spoken, dignified lady here to see you!
You forget! In this series, the walls CAN talk!
Okay, Drunken! What is it?
Okay! Send her right up . . .
Hi, everybody! I just wanna say that insanity is hereditary!! You can get it from your children!
Hey, Drunken! You said tall, soft-spoken and dignified! You sent up a four-foot six-inch joke-telling Jewish Mother from the Bronx!
April Fool!
WHAT . . .?! April Fool?! This is September!!
So I'm a little late!
Okay . . . so I'll be a little late with my Christmas gift! Like next AUGUST!!
I hate to come into a house empty-handed! Here, Blimpa . . . I brought you a cake!
But, Ma . . . I'm on a diet! I can't USE a cake!
THIS one you can use! It's a Wedding Cake!

Ma!! Why do I get this feeling you're pushing me to get married?!?
Let's face it, Blimpa! You're gonna be twenty-five! You're no longer in your "cavity-prone years"!
But, Ma . . . I don't dig any of the guys that I'm dating! They're all WEIRDOS!!
C'mon! What's wrong with Steven Varfman?
Steven's IMMATURE! The only way we can have a Candlelight Dinner together is if I let him blow out the match!
And what about that nice Myron Mendelbaum?!?
Myron's a little STRANGE! He likes to bring BOOKS to bed!
What's wrong with THAT?! Lots of guys like to bring books to bed!
To COLOR?!?


Don't be so choosey! If I were that choosey, you probably wouldn't even be BORN yet!
But, Ma . . . the right guys never call me! Let's face it, I'm not that attractive! I still buy my clothes in the "Junior Plenty Department"!
Don't put yourself down! Remember when you won that Beauty Contest?
Some Beauty Contest! They voted me "Miss Vacant Lot"!

Why do you keep butting in to Blimpa's life, Ma?
Who's butting in?
And why do you keep doing that?
Doing what?
Answering a question with another question!
Are you crazy? Who's answering a question with another question?
Bouncy

Hi! This is Drunken, your Doorman again!
There's a man here asking for your Sister! I think he wants her for his garden!
Yes! When he saw her before, he said, "Get a LOAD of that!"
Yes, Drunken! What is it?
A man . . . wants my Sister . . . for his GARDEN . . .?!?

Even with those dumb horrible jokes, that Doorman is STILL funnier than Shmoe!
EVERYONE is funnier than Shmoe!
Since you got back from Minneapolis, YOU aren't!

Why do I get the feeling that this is a female dominated show and I'm slowly being written out of the series?
Hah! You think YOU'RE being written out of the series?! What about ME?!?
Who are you?
See?!? Even YOU'VE forgotten!! I'm Rhota's FATHER!!
Oops! I gotta go! I'll be late for my job as Commissioner McMillan's MAID!

Ma!! What are you doing here in our bed?!
I . . . I just wanted to see how much you were enjoying the new sheets I bought you!
But, Ma! Shmoe and I have to live our own lives!
Shmoe and you aren't COMEDICALLY STRONG ENOUGH to live your own lives! Why do you think I keep showing up? Why do you think Blimpa keeps barging in every few minutes?

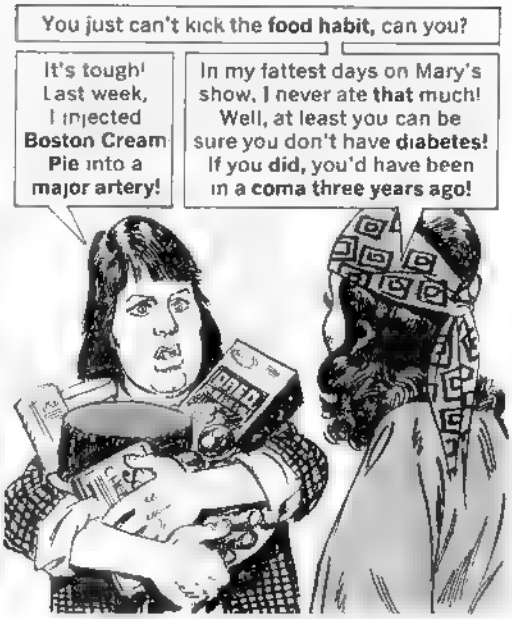
You better split, Ma! I mean it!
Leave?! I was just getting comfortable!
But Shmoe is getting upset! This is not exactly his dream menage a trois!
Okay, I'm going! Any man who demolishes buildings for a living I'd hate to get angry!

Shmoe . . . I came to talk to you about last night! Are you upset?
Nahh! Besides, I can't talk to you now, honey! I got a building to wreck!
No kidding?! Which one?
Your Mother's —in the Bronx!
You ARE upset!

Hi, Blimpa! How was your weekend?
It's still Freak City! Friday, I dated a guy who wore an EARRING!
He wore an EARRING?
Yeah! He was either a Gypsy, an intellectual or a homosexual! And I didn't feel I was good enough for any of them!

Wow! You're really down on yourself!
Maybe I'll try a whole new life in Minneapolis—like you did!
Actually, life was dull there! At least in New York, I could always look forward to being molested on the subway!
I never had your luck! Saturday on the IRT, six guys surrounded me in an empty car and "gang-insulted" me!
Blimpa, when you're down like this, there's only one answer! You need a Jewish fix!

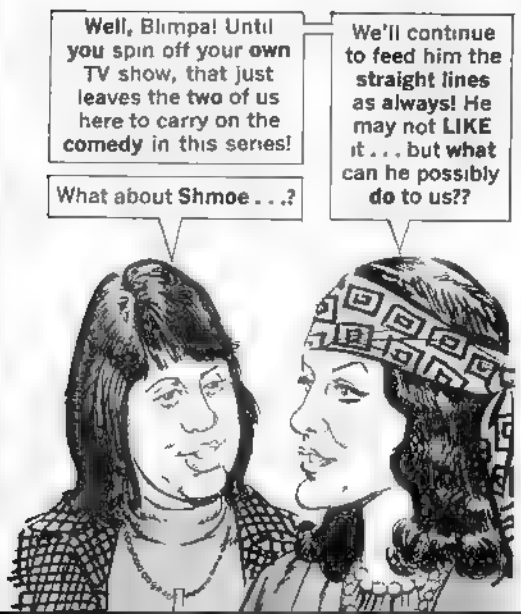
What'll it be? "Twinkies"...? "Sara Lee Cheesecake"...? "Oreos"...? "Malomars"...?
That'll be FINE!!

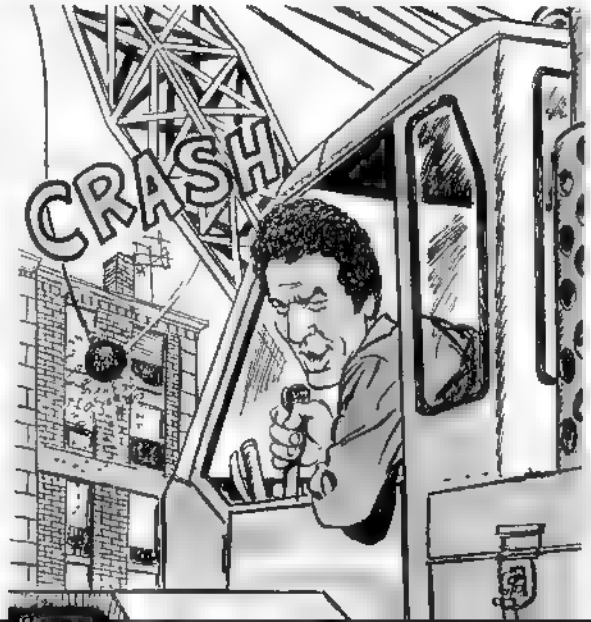

You just can't kick the food habit, can you?
It's tough! Last week, I injected Boston Cream Pie into a major artery!
In my fattest days on Mary's show, I never ate that much! Well, at least you can be sure you don't have diabetes! If you did, you'd have been in a coma three years ago!

Hey! Let's not talk about food! Let's change the subject and talk about guys!
Okay, Blimpa! Describe your "Ideal Man"!
I want a guy with hair as black as licorice, teeth as white as Chiclets, skin the color of halavah, and a name like Peter Paul . . .

That's great! I'm glad we're not talking about FOOD!!
What you need is a good stiff drink!
Okay! Make me a hot fudge bourbon!
Aren't you overdoing this a bit, Blimpa? You've been grabbing it all and leaving very little for me!
The food?
No . . . the LAUGHS!

Hi, girls! I'm back! And I didn't come empty-handed! Here's a Brunch Coat for Rhota, and an Electric Razor for Blimpa!
An Electric Razor?!?
That's right! You ought to shave your legs more often! How can you ever expect to land a Husband when the hair is growing through your Ski Pants?!
What's the occasion, Ma?
They're "Going Away" gifts!
But we're not going away!!
No . . . but I am! Didn't you hear?!? I'm getting my OWN SHOW . . . on another Network!

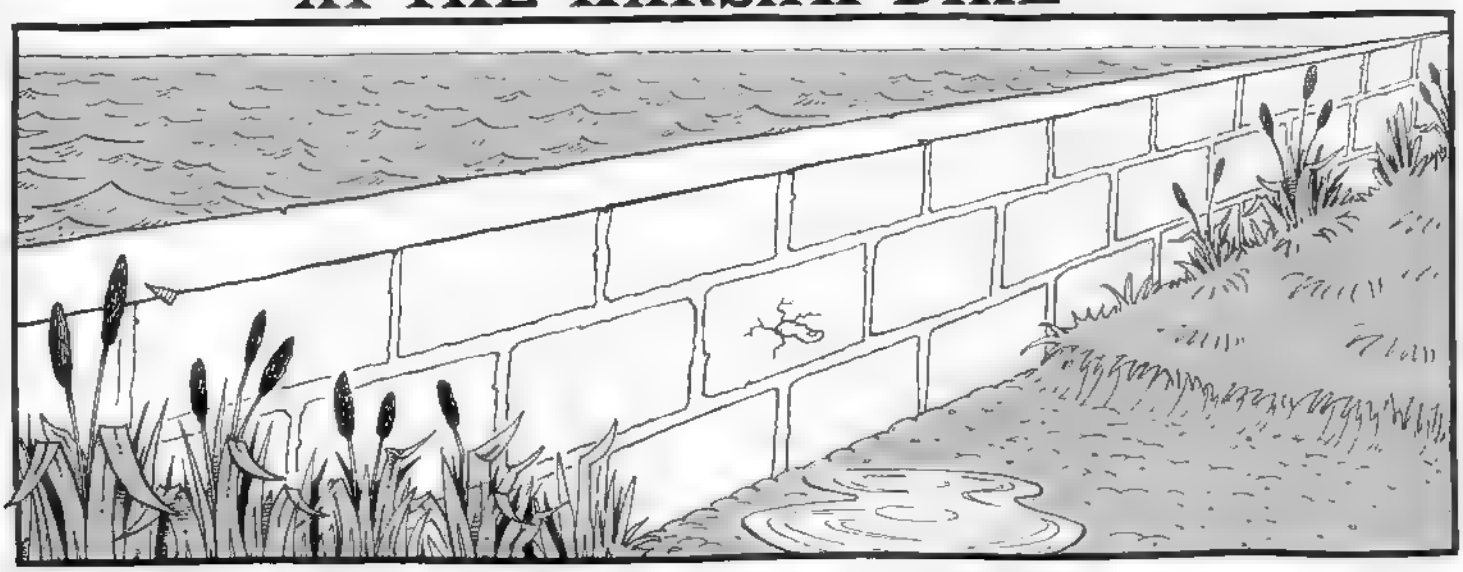

Well, Blimpa! Until you spin off your own TV show, that just leaves the two of us here to carry on the comedy in this series!
What about Shmoe . . .?
We'll continue to feed him the straight lines as always! He may not LIKE it . . . but what can he possibly do to us??

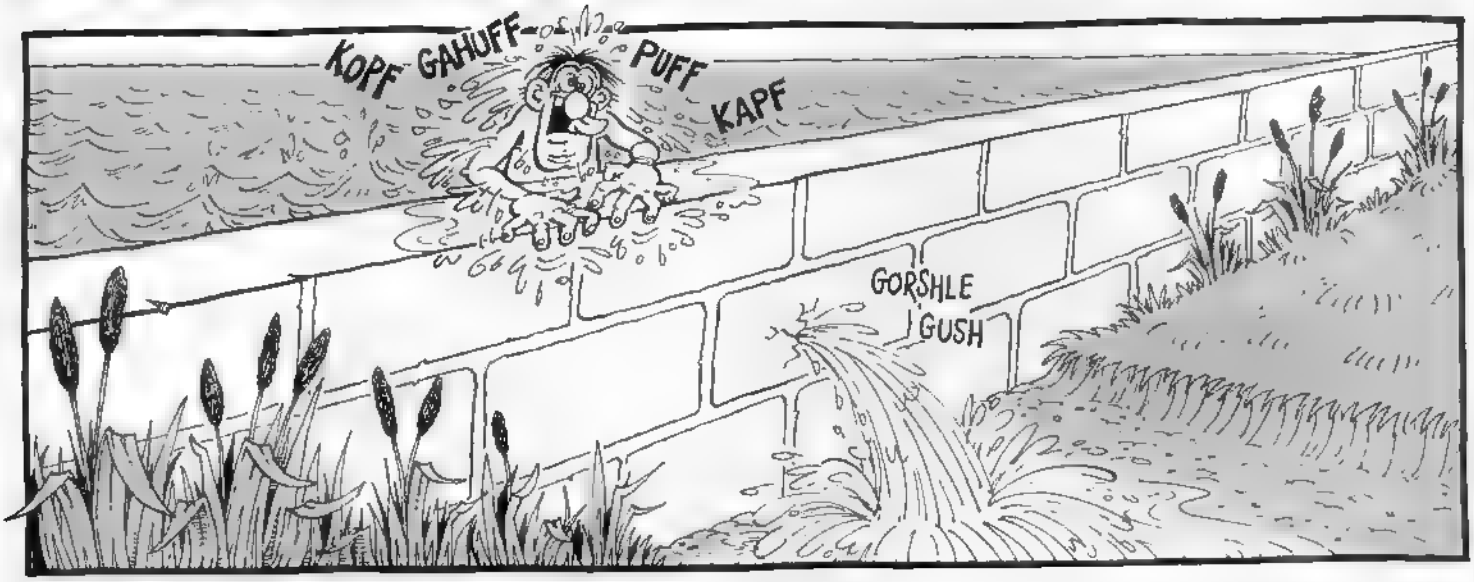

CRASH

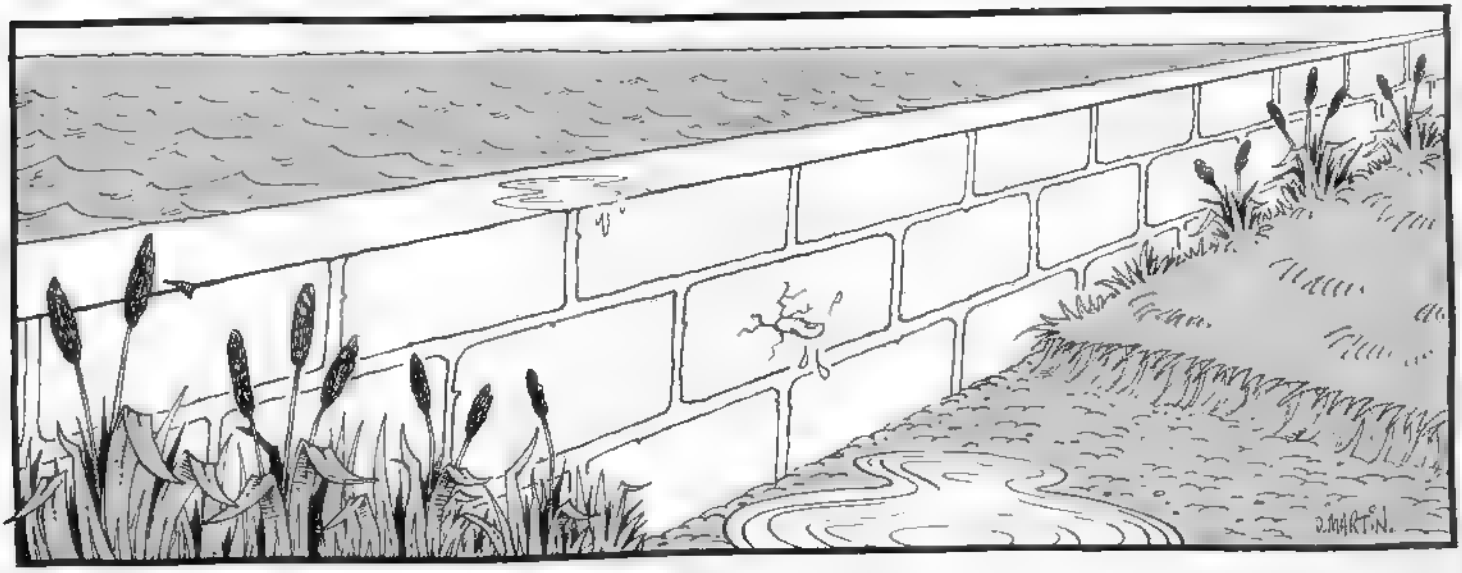
I'm getting out of town! Minneapolis . . . this is your LAST CHANCE!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

LATE ONE AFTERNOON AT THE WARSAW DIKE

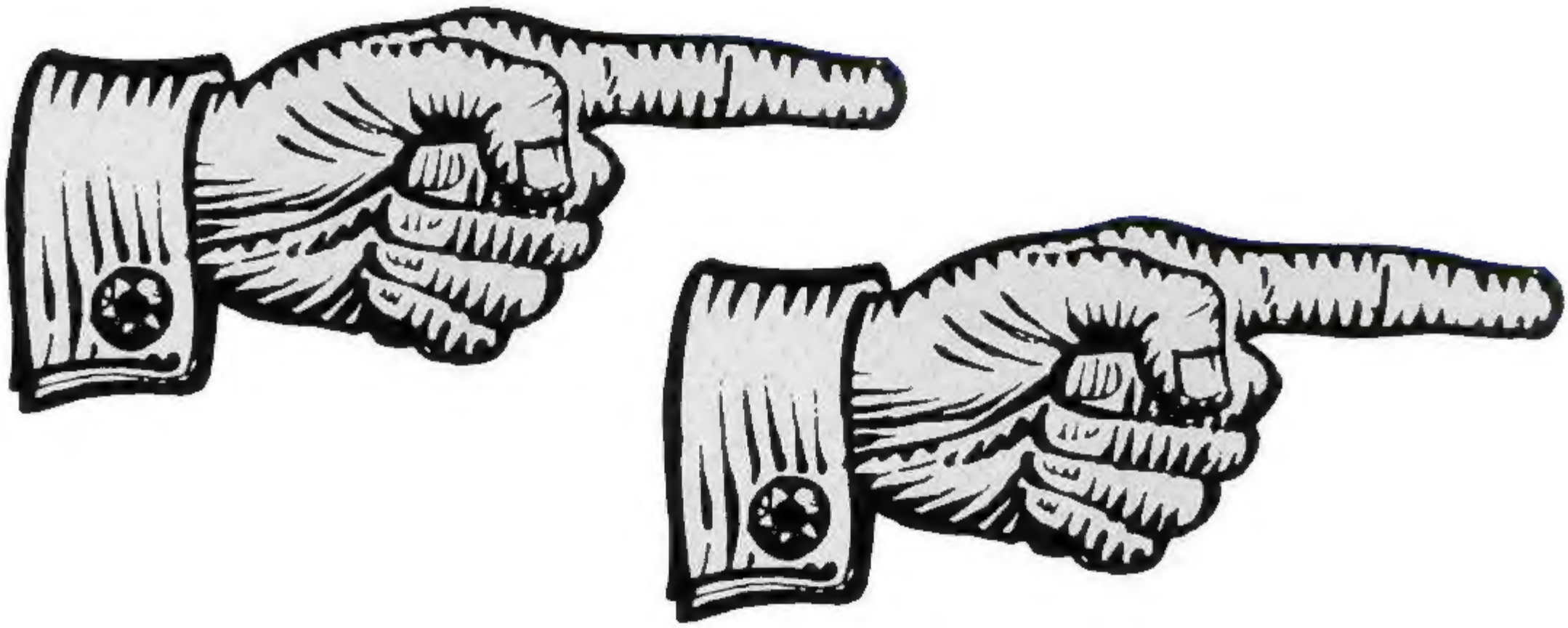






Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS BECOMING A MOST DISTURBING POLITICAL ARGUMENT THESE DAYS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

The art of political persuasion has changed dramatically in recent years. To learn the most upsetting current technique, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

TERRITORIAL BICKERINGS MAY AMUSE THE HUMORIST BUT THEY ARE NO LAUGHING MATTER WHEN TACKLED BY ZEALOUS PARTICIPANTS IN POLITICS

A▶ ◀B

WHAT IS BECOMING A MOST DISTURBING POLITICAL ARGUMENT THESE DAYS?

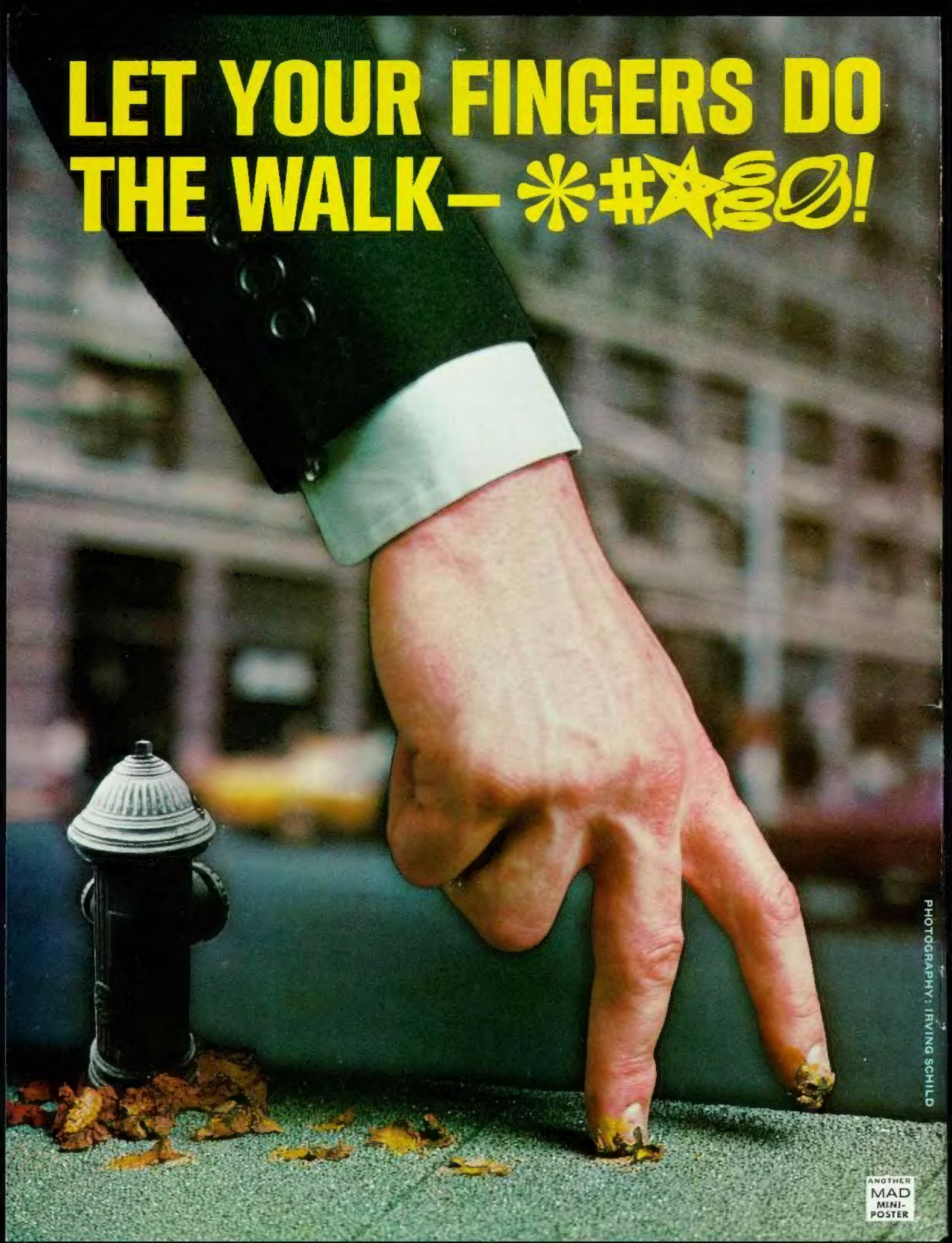
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

TERRORIST TACTICS

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶◀B


LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALK— *#☆@!
PHOTOGRAPHY: IRVING SCHILD
ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER